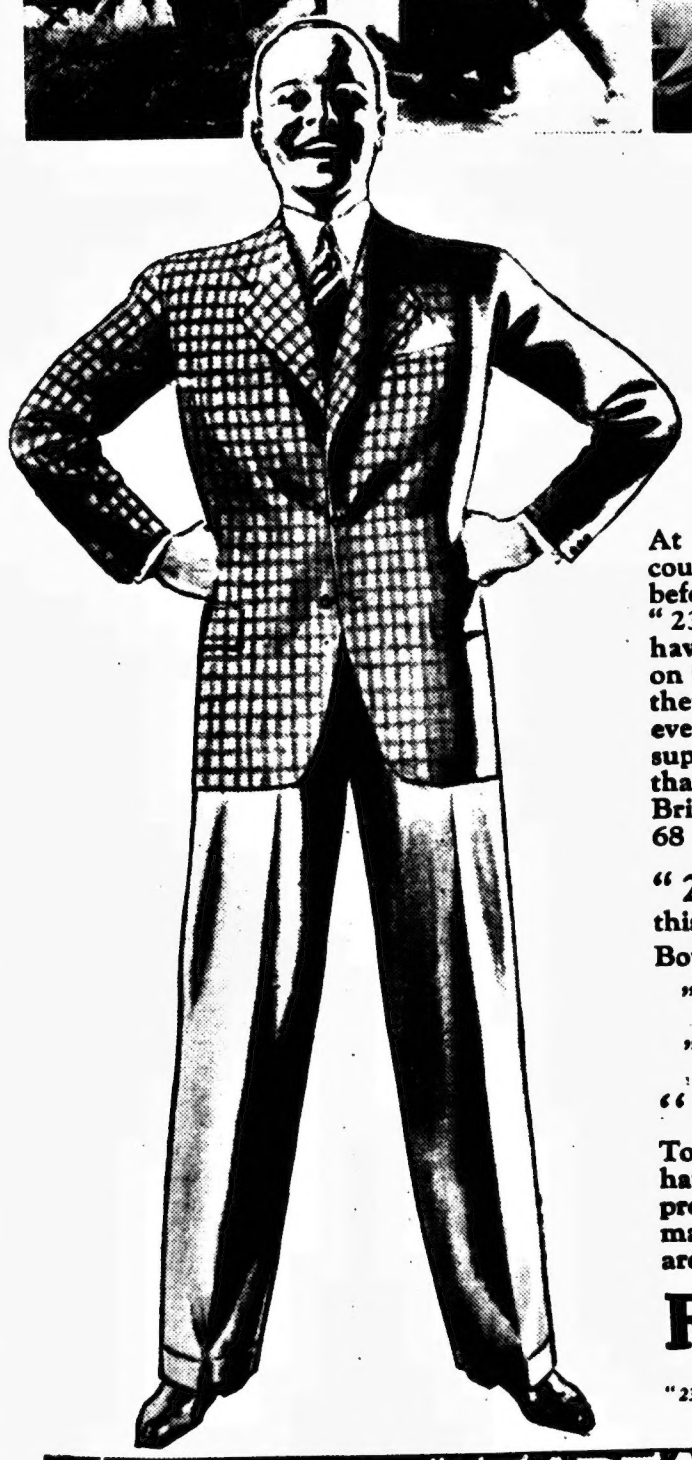
JOHN BULL, JUNE 11, 1932

£1 DICTIONARY: LAST CHANCE SEE PAGE 16

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE
Vol. LI.
1356.

For Every Wear—Everywhere—13/6 A PAIR



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13/9

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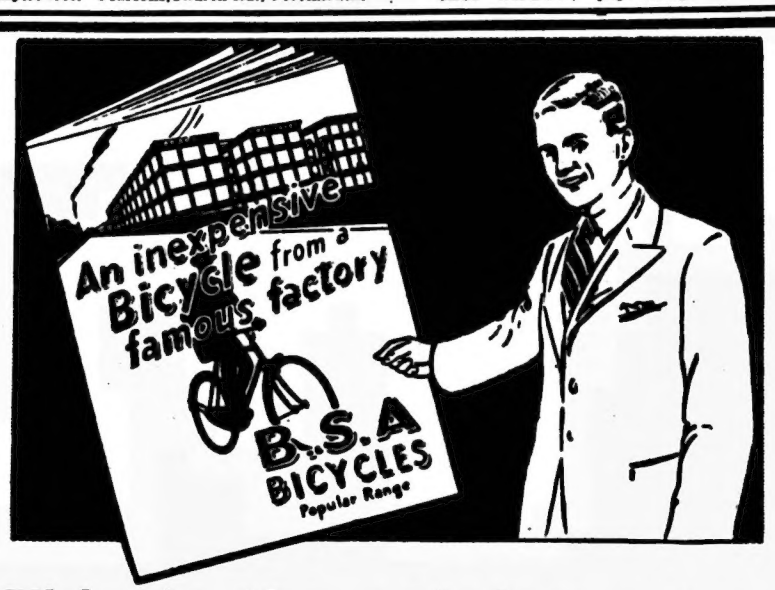

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FREE.—Write to "232," Manager of Sales, 38, Wood Street, London, E.C.2, for a copy of the new booklet on "232" and "SANDOM" Clothing, as advertised on the Front Cover.

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BUY YOUR Three-Valve Set direct from Factory on the easiest of terms. See advertisement of Regent Radio, Ltd., page 3.

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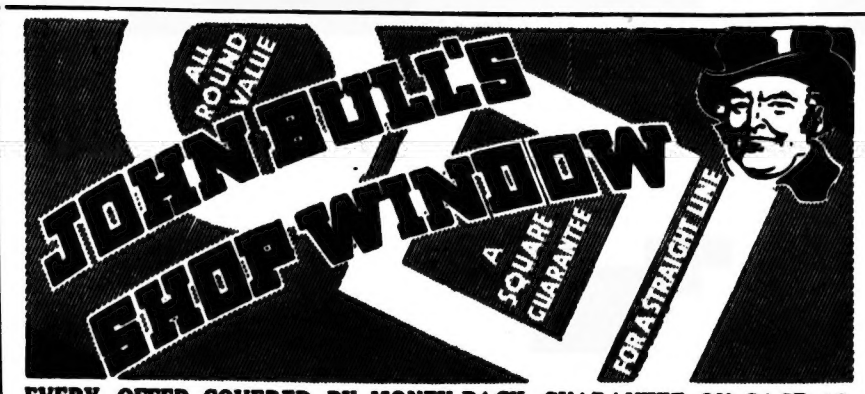

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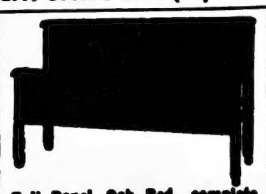

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Pair of All Pure Wool Blankets, only 10/- the pair.

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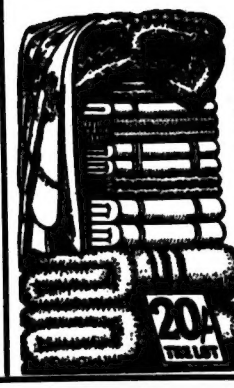

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Without Fear or Favour

A Mother Can DO a LOT

She is deaf to advice . . .

. . . the mother's entreaty is wasted

"*WHAT could I do, except advise her?*"

Ten thousand mothers from Land's End to John o' Groat's can echo that helpless question of Mrs. Creighton, whose daughter, Hilda, ran away with the former rector of St. Paul's Cray, Kent, a married man.

"Of course she knew—everyone knew," says the mother, "that he was married and had three children. But everybody liked him."

Now this middle-aged clergyman and this headstrong girl of twenty-two are back in England, having been deported from Canada.

We should not feel it necessary to discuss a somewhat sordid, somewhat pathetic, wholly commonplace tangle of this kind if it concerned only the rector and this foolish girl.

Unfortunately, the problem to-day spreads much farther than that—to thousands and thousands of homes in which sons and daughters are deaf to parental advice and land themselves in trouble as a consequence.

WHAT could Mrs. Creighton do "*except advise*"? She *knew* that Hilda was running headlong into trouble. She *knew* that her pretty daughter's dream of romance was no more than a dream.

But she could not save the poor girl from disaster. She could not avert the imminent tragedy. She could not, in a word, play the part that mothers of an earlier generation played without hesitation, and played successfully.

She could not, of course, enforce her advice. Her daughter is over age. Legally she is entitled to do as she likes.

But what we do say is that no doubt in this case, and certainly in the cases of multitudes of young people who have "their own way" to-day, parental advice would mean more to them if from their nursery days they were taught to honour and respect it.

The parents of to-day are unable to control their prodigal sons and daughters. They have lost, or abandoned, their authority over their children even in the early 'teens. They have done more than "spare the rod"; they have forsworn their right to use it.

John Bull has always been the champion of youth. It has fought the antiquated notion that the opinion of the rising generation does not deserve consideration. It has attacked the harsh Victorian tradition of parental authority which needed no justification of love and duty.

But to-day the pendulum has swung too far. The spoiled youngsters of 1932 have lost even that necessary respect for their elders which saves the precocious puppy from being mauled by the tough old dog.

IT may well be that parents deserved honour not for the mere fact of parenthood, but rather because they fulfilled a parent's duty.

But, so long as they do fulfil that duty, so long as they do sacrifice themselves and discipline their lives for their children's sake, they have the right to guide and control their children's actions. And, what is more, they should exercise that right.

Unfortunately, modern children have become rebels, not so much from instinct as from example and encouragement. They think it is smart and fashionable not to feel that they owe a duty to their parents. No: the boot is on the other foot—it is the parents, they think, who owe a duty to *them*.

Discipline needs to be tightened up. Every adult ought to combat the stupid theory that all repression is dangerous, and that it is better to let young people learn by their own mistakes than to take them strongly in hand and save them from their own folly.

There never was an age in which there were so many spoiled children. Again and again in the police courts one finds parents admitting without a blush that they cannot control their boys and girls of ten and twelve and fourteen.

"What can we do," they ask pathetically, "except advise?"

Well, we can tell them. Where the children are still young they can do a thousand things. They might, for instance, begin by trying the sole of daddy's bedroom slipper. They might stop pocket money or forbid "the pictures." They might exercise parental authority in many such definite and effective ways.

Better still, they might rear their youngsters in the belief that daddy and mummy always mean what they say; that rewards will have to be earned; and that threats are few, but never go unfulfilled.

YOU can't begin to exercise authority after the most formative years are passed. You can't let a child have all its own way until, fifteen, and then expect it to go yours until twenty.

That is what many modern parents are trying to do. They let the rebellious youngster "get away with it" every time, and then when naughtiness or wrongheadedness or coltish ignorance may involve sheer tragedy, they expect in vain to be able to pick up the loose reins of unaccustomed authority.

In the Victorian era children looked upon their parents with almost exaggerated awe. To-day they think of them as "old fogeys."

Mothers and fathers alike have been taught during recent years that they ought to be pals to their children. So, no doubt, they ought, but with reservations.

They should be pals in the same sense as much older sisters and brothers—ready to join in the game, but equally ready to stop any nonsense.

They need to be comrades who can command respect and are ready to enforce it. They need to hold the reins lightly, but they must never let go.

"What could I do except advise her?" sighed Mrs. Creighton. And countless other mothers of sons and daughters over whom they have lost control are every day asking the same question.

Probably they can do nothing, and in that event their advice is valueless. But they ought to be able to command, just as Mrs. Creighton ought to have been able to stop her daughter from making a fool of herself.

Prodigal sons and prodigal daughters—it is a difficult problem, heaven knows.

But, nine times out of ten, it is a problem of our own making, which need never have become serious if we had tackled it when it was first set—in the nursery.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER...

Economy Runs Mad After the Widow's Mite

MORE mad economy!

And this time it is madder than ever.

It threatens old-age pensioners and the widows, whose meagre pittance of 10s. a week is now in danger of becoming still less.

Wasting time

A secret Cabinet sub-committee, with departmental chiefs on it, is to consider the benefits of knocking a shilling or one-and-sixpence off old-age and widows' pensions.

They needn't consider it. They can save their time. The country won't stand for it, any more than it would stand for cuts in war pensions.

This committee was actually going to consider reducing these. But the Cabinet thought better of it.

Let it now also have a second thought for the aged and the widows.

They mustn't suffer

It may be true that Ministers must face up to saving anything from £80,000,000 to £140,000,000 by the autumn.

They may be forced to make reductions in the fighting Services, and there are other directions in which they might look.

If more economy is necessary, something must go But that something mustn't be widows' and old-age pensions.

On right track

Ramsay has seen it at last.

The idea of a World Conference to find a way out of the trade stagnation which hits all is one that should have been adopted and pressed months ago.

It will overshadow Lausanne.

If you have no money in your pocket you can't pay your debts.

Even if you are let off your debts it doesn't put money in your pocket.

What we all want is prosperity. A trade revival will bring that. And the World Conference is a step in the right direction.

Commonsense

The Bank of England is waking up. While helping the Anglo-South American Bank by £8,500,000, it insists on some measure of control in return.

This principle should be remembered if some of the big international bankers have to be assisted out of public funds in the near future.

Get ready

We are unprepared for Ottawa.

Our delegates will soon be sailing for the Imperial Conference.

They don't know what they are going to do when they get there or even what they are going to try to do.

There has been unnecessary delay in the preparations and it is unfair to blame the Dominions.

The last conference failed. We can't afford to do it again.

"Speed up, and be ready" should be the order of the day

Ring up the Chief!

No, Lord Trenchard, you can't have it both ways.

Either your senior police officers are capable or they are not. If they are they can do their work. If they are not then why are they there?

You are reported to have given instructions that any policeman may telephone to you at any time.

That sounds like business. But is it?

You aren't a superman, and if you were you could not stop crime by working at Scotland Yard all day and talking over the telephone to policemen all night.

Away our money goes

The money is off to Ireland again for the Cesarewitch "Sweep."

And docile Britain is waiting for a Royal Commission to tell it whether it should go on being hypocritical or not.

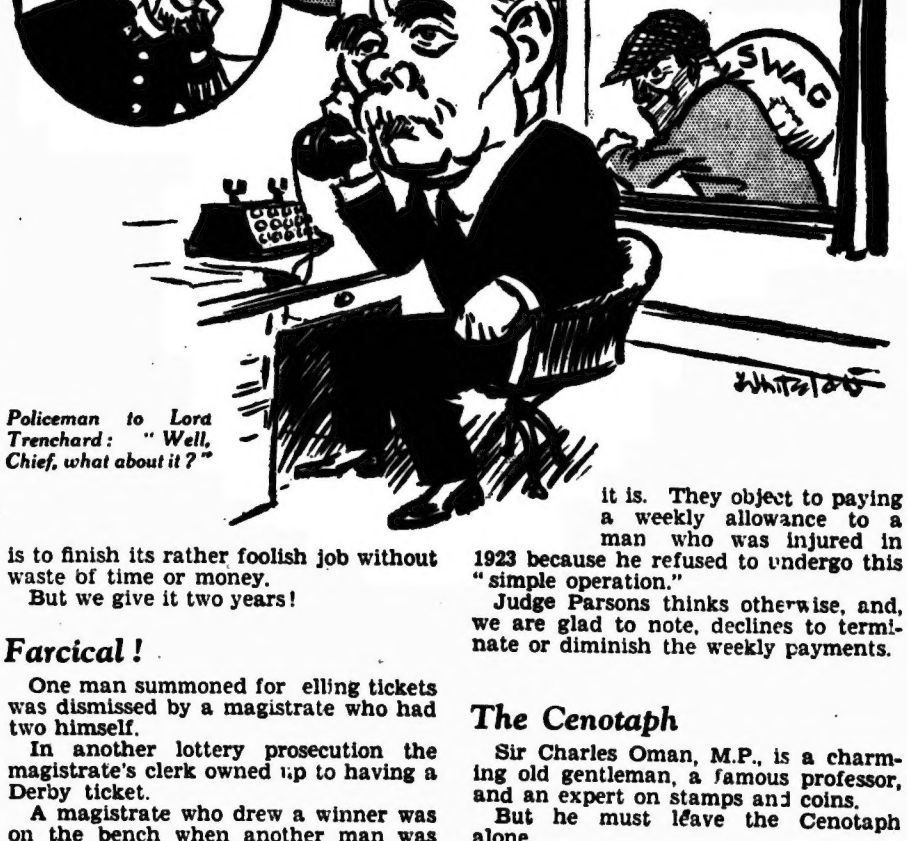
The whole thing could have been settled in an hour with the aid of a little courage and common-sense.

The least the Commission can do now is to finish its rather foolish job without waste of time or money.

But we give it two years!

The Non-Stop "Sweep" Farce

Try Again, Lord Trenchard!



Policeman to Lord Trenchard: "Well, Chief, what about it?"

Farcical!

One man summoned for selling tickets was dismissed by a magistrate who had two himself.

In another lottery prosecution the magistrate's clerk owned up to having a Derby ticket.

A magistrate who drew a winner was on the bench when another man was fined. What a farce!

A heartless "joke"

An old Brighton match-seller and his wife were hoaxed into believing that they had won £1,750 in the "Sweep."

The poor old souls thought they could draw it by going to the bank. They wept and went home again when they learned the truth.

It seems a pity that heartless clowns who perpetrate a cruelty like that cannot be punished.

Harsh

We are sorry that Mr. Justice Avory has sent a youth of seventeen to jail for six months for the abduction of a girl a year younger. It was a real boy-and-girl love affair, and the idea of running away came from the girl.

Many judges, we feel sure, would have dealt more leniently with this lad.

Surely it was a case for wedding bells, and not prison.

Up Guards, and at 'em!

How the French must be chortling!

We built Waterloo Bridge as a monument to victory, but since it began to fall down nine years ago it has been a monument to defeat.

The bridge seems a more difficult affair than the battle. It is still falling down and still being propped up—at a cost of about £200 a week.

We want a new Wellington to win this Battle of Waterloo.

Let the County Council go ahead with some definite plan. Parliament will tail on behind, because an impatient public opinion demands action.

Unreasonable

Is it "unreasonable" for a man to refuse to have his foot amputated?

The East Bristol Collieries, Ltd., say it is. They object to paying a weekly allowance to a man who was injured in 1923 because he refused to undergo this "simple operation."

Judge Parsons thinks otherwise, and, we are glad to note, declines to terminate or diminish the weekly payments.

The Cenotaph

Sir Charles Oman, M.P., is a charming old gentleman, a famous professor, and an expert on stamps and coins.

But he must leave the Cenotaph alone.

Nobody wants it decorated with a coloured armorial plate such as he suggests, and if the Office of Works had not told him bluntly there was "nothing doing," we should have—and quickly.

Manners—by policewomen

A policewoman in a provincial town has been instructed to visit a school and give lectures to classes of girls on behaviour in the streets.

Are the teachers so incapable that representatives of the law have to be called in to help them?

Or is it just another case of local busybodies?

If it is really necessary for policewomen to teach people how to behave one or two of them might go to Ridley Hall, Cambridge, where students have been hanging lines of pyjama suits from one of the college towers to a tree.

Theological students, too!

His lucky day

Is crime taken seriously in Harrogate?

Isaac Brown, a local business man and ex-president of Harrogate Chamber of Trade, was arrested when climbing the wall of a shop. He had a complete burglar's outfit in his possession, assaulted a policeman and threatened to kill him.

The magistrates merely fined him.

What do they want?

Do education authorities want children merely to go to school, or do they want them to be educated?

There is a difference.

A Hampstead man, formerly headmaster of a private school, found his boy was not getting on well, so kept him at home and educated him himself. Whereupon he was summoned. The boy proved that he was being well taught, and the case was dismissed.

But why, in the name of intelligence, was it ever brought?

If the father had paid another schoolmaster to come to his house it wouldn't have been.

Does the label matter?

Christians who set more store by Christianity than by labels must be shocked by the story told by a clergyman during a debate on admission to Communion.

During the war a Wesleyan officer went to a Church of England chaplain and asked to have Communion before going up the line.

Permission was refused, and the next day the man was killed.

We do not envy that chaplain his memories.

Here's to him!

Swansea stipendiary tempers justice with mercy.

A woman charged with theft had been deserted by her husband. Though she received no money from him, she had kept herself and her child honestly until this single lapse.

The magistrate bound her over and advised her what to do. He's a man after our own heart.

Brought to book

Once again a rogue has been brought to justice after being exposed in JOHN BULL.

James Pulford Ireland, the bogus squire whose smart car and retinue of servants impressed the townsfolk of Sittingbourne, Kent, and whose amazing long-firm frauds we denounced a few weeks ago, has been arrested and sent to jail for twelve months.

The Court described this sentence as a very light one.

We quite agree.

Heroic father

The son of Wilfred Bird, of Southport, Lancs, must be proud of his father.

After a motor accident, the elder man climbed out of the blazing car to find that his son had been thrown out and was lying beneath it

Though injured, he managed to lift the car bodily and his son crawled to safety.

Duty first

For pluck and devotion to duty, we commend two Lancashire railwaymen who though on the verge of collapse, piloted their train to a station after being severely burned by the engine furnace.

The driver, James Peters, and his mate, William Carr, were then rushed to hospital.

We wish them a speedy recovery.

A hard bench

"Barbarous and cruel" is how Ryhope, Durham, miners describe a sentence passed by Sunderland Juvenile Court. We agree.

Two little boys stole ginger-beer essence from a shop, and were ordered to receive six strokes of the birch.

Some young rascals deserve a thrashing, but, as these were first offenders, surely they might have been reprimanded instead?

How to be happy—

The public will echo the Recorder of London's tribute to a London chemist whose wife was charged with a theft committed before her marriage.

Her husband declared it made no difference in his regard for her, and that he was willing to repay all her defalcations.

If everyone showed the same spirit in smaller matters, there would be far fewer broken marriages.

by VISCOUNT ASTOR

BACON AND Eggs

THE economic crisis through which we are passing has at last convinced the nation that British farming cannot be allowed to collapse.

Unlike other European countries, we have had no real agricultural policy for seventy years. To-day we are more ready to help the farmer than we have been for generations. But before making any sacrifice the public must feel certain that its money will be wisely spent.

It is tired of shortsighted remedies based on pre-war conditions, or costly experiments like the sugar-beet subsidy, which has already exhausted £30,000,000 without any permanent benefits to show for it.

The public purse is light, and nobody wants to bolster up obsolete or extravagant methods of farming or to assist small sections of the industry at the expense of the rest of it.

During the last hundred years, the countries of Western Europe have outdistanced us by carrying out far-sighted agricultural policies. Whereas we now have only 7 per cent. of our working population on the land, France has 41 per cent., Denmark 36, and Germany 31.

Unless an end is put to the policy of *laissez faire*, it is difficult to see how agriculture can continue to maintain the standards of living of its workers.

Mistaken policy

ANY successful national policy for agriculture must employ more people on the land, produce more food, and produce it efficiently.

The most sensible course is to concentrate on raising those foodstuffs which the country is best fitted to produce and market, and, what is more, to raise them in an efficient manner.

This brings me to a very important point. What exactly are these foodstuffs which we should aim at producing? Are we to concentrate on animal products, such as meat, bacon, eggs and milk, or on cereals and sugar? Everything depends on the answer.

Unfortunately, Parliament has decided to put wheat in the forefront, and recently passed the Wheat Quota Act.

Personally, I am sure that this policy was mistaken and based on out-of-date ideas. This is unfortunate, as more than half the money which is to be spent will represent an unnecessary expenditure of the public's money.

Wheat is not the key to prosperity. To-day only about five out of every hundred acres of agricultural land are under wheat. This does not mean that the land which used to grow this crop has now gone to thistles.

On the contrary, it is carrying cattle, cows, chickens, pigs. It is important to realise that the diminution in our wheat acreage does not mean that we are worse off as a country.

There is another point. Out of every £100 which the British housewife spends to-day, only £11 goes in cereals (including bread), whereas £63 is spent on animal products.

Our climate, and soil, too, are particularly suited to grass and livestock. Whereas the value of our grain has diminished, our animal husbandry has increased enormously.

If we look ahead to see where we can expand most in the future we find that were we to grow the whole of the cereals which we buy from foreign countries, British farmers would be £30,000,000 better off than they are to-day. Were we, however, to produce all the eggs, bacon, beef, milk, cheese, mutton which we import from foreign countries, our farmers would be £140,000,000 better off.

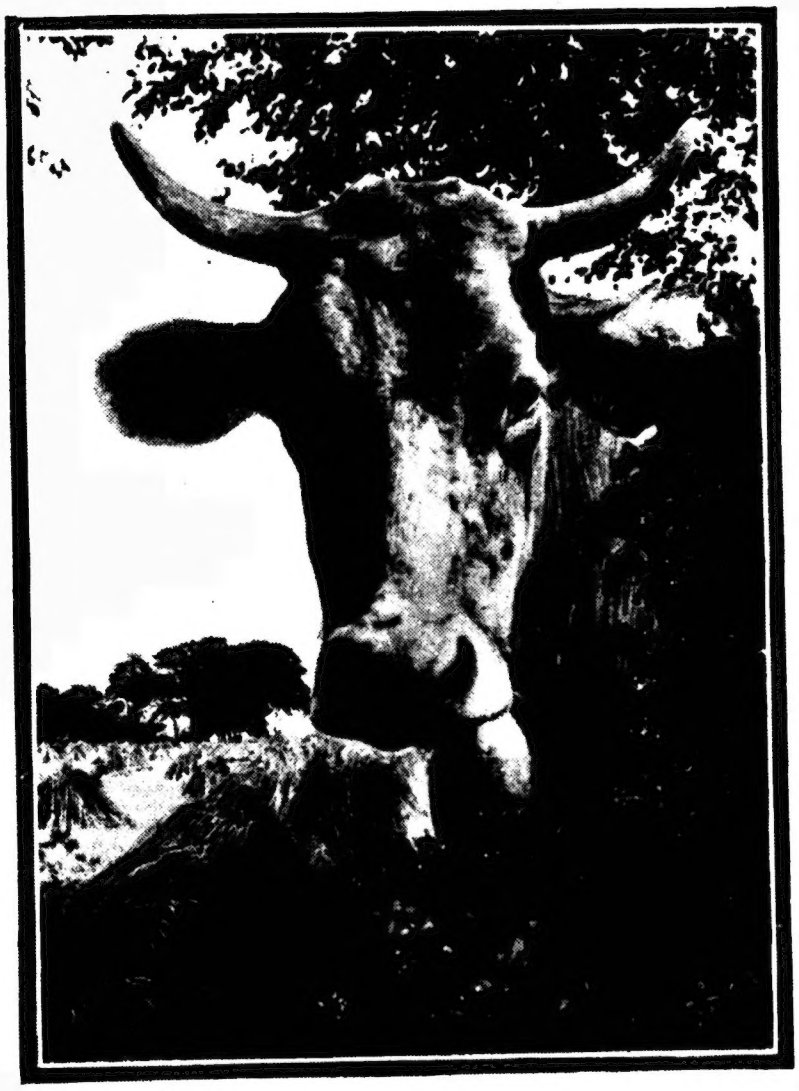
Liquid "stimulant"

SO livestock and livestock products should be made the keystone of our agricultural policy.

Our dairying industry already is worth from sixty to seventy millions a year. Yet this is a mere fraction of what it might be worth. We drink absurdly little milk in this country—our consumption per head is only a third of America's, and could be increased by some 20 per cent. by a vigorous "drink more milk" campaign. Such an increase would benefit our children as well as the farmers.

During the past few months we have ceased to be a Free Trade country.

Now, the first principle under Protection is to tax manufactured articles and to let raw materials in free. Unfortunately, we have not applied this to agriculture. Barley, oats, wheat are animal foods used in the production of pork, poultry, milk. Yet Parliament has taxed these raw materials.



Cows count more than corn—livestock should be the dominant factor in our agricultural policy, says Viscount Astor

The result is that the cost of producing cattle, pig, dairy and poultry products has been increased, and consequently ordinary tariff duties on these would not safeguard our farmers adequately. Hence, Ministers are considering using a much more drastic form of Protection—namely, quotas.

Personally, I am against quotas for bacon, beef, and so on, because they would put up the cost to consumers more than tariff duties would. Foreign competitors can climb over a tariff if our farmers are inefficient or their methods too costly.

Not so if quotas are adopted. For instance, under a quota for bacon, a foreign country, say, Denmark, would be guaranteed a definite share (quota) of our market. It is true that this share might represent a smaller volume of Danish bacon. But inside her quota Denmark would have no competitors and could put up the price of her bacon to our consumers.

Quotas are very dangerous devices, which must inevitably restrict international commerce and permit of no expansion. This must strangle countries which depend on a big outside trade.

If we ended the wheat quota, the sugar-beet subsidy and the tariff on barley and oats, we could save about £15,000,000.

With this saving we could then proceed to put ordinary duties on animal products without increasing the cost of living, and farmers as a whole would be better off than they are now when their finished articles like beef are unprotected, while their raw materials (cereals) are taxed.

During the past two or three years great strides have been made in standardising and grading our produce through the national mark. This preparation for the marketing of goods is of substantial advantage to both producers and consumers.

"Dora" again

UNFORTUNATELY, those in the seats of power are not satisfied with this progress and are threatening to rush the country into a form of controlled distribution and production under the guise of marketing.

Under the Addison Marketing Act, which was passed by the Labour Government in 1931, it is possible to have "schemes" for almost any commodity. Under such schemes a Central Board could be set up, with the most extraordinary powers of regulating the production and distribution of foodstuffs through price-fixing and so on.

If this Act is used to the full we shall have a form of "Dora" control far more severe than what we had during the war.

One of the objects of this Marketing Act is to keep up prices and restrict competition. This would be most dangerous. At first farmers were bitterly hostile to the Act, but they are being cajoled into accepting it by the Ministry of Agriculture under the threat of withholding Protection unless they use it.

The Labour Government passed another Act—a good one—which unfortunately is not being enforced. This was the measure to increase small holdings.

A year ago, when collecting material for my book on agriculture, "Land and Life," I visited small-holders in many counties.

Way to success

CERTAINLY I was enormously impressed by the splendid qualities of thrift, energy and self-reliance they had developed. Parliamentary returns show that less than 13 per cent. of the men put on small holdings since the war have failed. A most satisfactory result!

I believe that the best way of getting a combination of efficiency and of an increase in our land population is to encourage the use of machinery on the larger farms; and at the same time to stimulate the development of colonies of small-holders suitably situated for marketing their produce.

Until we do make the changes I have indicated, I do not think we shall find a real solution of our great agricultural problem.

MYSTERY WOMEN

"Her quest failed. . . . Death was preferable to frustrated ambition"— Starr Faithfull

The riddle of Elisabeth Barrett Cook, the American heiress who died by her own hand, will never be solved

EVERY now and then public attention is concentrated by some tragic occurrence on one of those strange enigmas of the sea, the lonely women who are always traversing the ocean backwards and forwards on liners, and yet have no real destination.

They are to be found on every ocean highway, on every big liner. The majority traverse the same route over and over again, and many keep to the same ship.

They seem to make liners their home, just as other lonely women dwell year after year in hotels.

The public hears of them only when some tragic fate befalls them. Coroners' inquests then clear up in part the mystery of their deaths, but rarely solve the greater mystery of their lives.

It would be impossible to explain the motives of every woman in this great army of the restless; but what are the broad reasons that cause them to make the sea their home?

One can classify them in certain definite types ranging from the romantic to the criminal and including women of all ages.

There are the gold-diggers, who find their profession more easy to exercise in the circumscribed precincts of a liner, where their victims are always under their eyes, than in the broader ways of life on land.

There is the woman, usually middle-aged, rich, widowed or a spinster, who is fascinated by the idea of finding a sailor husband.

There are the blackmailers, who pick up lots of dangerous secrets connected with passengers during the long leisure of a sea voyage and store them away for future use. Or, if the opportunity arises, compromise fellow-passengers during the trip.

She loved a sailor

There are women who have a passion for luxury life afloat, and are as much at home on great liners like the *Aquitania* as other women are at the Carlton or Ritz.

Of the ship's-officer hunting type was Starr Faithfull, the young American girl whose body was washed up near New York some months ago just after she had gone to meet one of the many boats on which she had travelled.

She was a well-known figure on board Atlantic liners and was suspected of being a drug smuggler. But the truth was that she craved to marry a ship's officer, formed a mad infatuation for several, and crossed and recrossed the ocean in pursuance of her quest.

Many were the passionate letters she wrote to ship's officers, and whenever she was not crossing the ocean she was always seeking to meet a boat on which were men she knew.

If only she had met an officer sufficiently in love with her, she might have married and settled down as so many of her type have done before.

But her quest for a sea-going husband having failed, she did not bother her head about the men to be found on dry land. Death was preferable to frustrated ambition.

Tragic pursuit

In the same group was Phœbe Sorel, the pretty woman of thirty-five, who shot herself in the R.M.S.P. liner *Asturias* at Southampton in November, after threatening to kill one of the officers. For twelve months she had sailed the seas alone between England and South America in search of a sailor husband.

On more than one occasion she had to be put out of the officers' quarters by force. Yet whatever the rebuff, whatever the indignity she brought on herself by her own conduct, she was always to be found at sea again as soon as there was a boat to take her.

Another romantic figure was Elizabeth Barrett Cook, who a few weeks ago was found dead in her cabin at Gibraltar. At her side was a bottle of poison and two fateful radio messages.

One told her that her fiancé in the United States was dead; the other that she must never attempt to re-enter America.

The whole truth about this American heiress who sailed the world alone may never be known, but the riddle of the messages found by her dead body branded her as one of the mystery women of the sea.

For every story of such women that reaches the public there are a thousand more that are never told.

One never before related is that of a young New York girl who had spent several successive summers on one Atlantic liner and then disappeared for a season to reappear with a bullet wound through her right hand.

"Angry lover?" asked a woman passenger, noticing the scar caused by a shot.

"No, jealous wife," she replied, putting the hand over her heart to show how she had saved herself from what was intended to be a fatal wound.

The holiday husband

And yet she had always been regarded as a man-hater, ever appearing anxious to avoid the attentions of all the men on board.

She spent much of her time at sea writing to men on both sides of the Atlantic, and the rest in avoiding the men who were her fellow-passengers—in itself a contradiction that no one was ever able to understand.

Another of the 100 per cent. mystery class was the wife of an American millionaire, who spent most of her time at sea.

Once a year her husband crossed with her to Europe on vacation, when they would share a cabin and appear to be extraordinarily happy. Yet she never shared his home in America.

She would accompany him back to America when their holiday was over, but, instead of going home with him, would turn back to Europe on the same boat.

Another constant traveller was a woman who was always complaining to the officers that too much cargo had been put on one side. She always imagined the ship she was in had a pronounced list.

In stormy weather she would frighten other women on board with her stories of how easily disaster might come to them, linked up with some graphic recollections of great sea tragedies of the past.

But if travelling by sea was a nightmare to her it was one she enjoyed, for she was always to be found on the next return boat.

Nor did her activities on board, nor

EVERY great liner carries its "mystery women," but only every now and then, when some tragedy befalls one of their number, does the world ever hear of them.

Why do they make ships their home—the high seas their country? Why do they, year in and year out, voyage restlessly without any real destination?

This article lifts the veil off their strange and lonely lives.

Unfathomable . . . she keeps her secrets as securely as the sea keeps hers

A CROSSWORD Courtship

WATCHING tennis at the courts in Harrow two years ago, Mr. William McCabe, of 16, Alderville Road, Fulham, London, S.W., saw a young lady whose style attracted him.

A young foreman coach-builder in steady—although not highly-paid—employment, he was introduced, and as time went on the two found that they had many tastes in common.

Then came a day when he proposed. But when the question of marriage was discussed from every standpoint, it was decided that a little financial security was essential.

So they started doing crosswords. Not haphazardly; not as a backer puts a shilling on a horse; but carefully, consistently, and with regard for all the rules of the game.

Mr. McCabe does not believe in doing things by halves. In the months that followed he sent in as many entries as he could, and learning by the errors he made, kept copies of all his solutions in a notebook.

He studied words and their meanings. He tried to get behind the mind of JOHN BULL'S Crossword puzzle expert. Success has attended his efforts. He has learnt that he is to share the £1,000 prize with one other competitor in contest No. 165. Their entry each contained one error. A wedding has been announced for August. The sum of £500, added to smaller amounts won at various times, will guarantee freedom from anxiety and ensure a happy send-off.

"Check up your errors" is the winner's advice. "Find out where you went wrong and profit by experience."

May his marriage never be marred by a cross word!

• • •

The second £500 goes to Mrs. G. Horton, of Coronation Cottages, Portway, near Dudley.

"My husband can claim some share in the winning of the prize," she says, "for it was he who persuaded me to persevere with the puzzles. He told me that my turn would come next—and it certainly has!"

Solving the JOHN BULL Crossword competitions is the hobby of this busy housewife.

"I enjoy doing them," she tells us, "and the fact that I really have been successful will make me continue trying even harder in the future."

You, too, will enjoy JOHN BULL'S Crosswords, with their lively and unusual clues. Try your hand at this week's puzzle on page 32 and a Life Pension of £3 a week may be yours!

. . . They sail the oceans alone, living and dying with their secrets

her interest in other people, show any reason why she should torture herself by travelling in a manner that frightened her.

Many adventures could be related of a class that is more easily understood—the women who live at sea because it is as cheap as a high-class hotel and provides more interest, variety and new faces.

Most of them drag through a wearying cycle of late rising, lounging in deck-chairs and gossiping over a cup of tea. A liner is merely a big village to them, with life offering an infinite variety of incident and scandal that keeps their tongues busy.

Mystifying women, some of them. There is one who always paid in Greek drachmas—even for her passage. She never carried any other coin.

Yet she was not Greek, had never been to Greece and had no stronger leanings towards that country than a fanatical worship of Byron and his works.

Well known on half a dozen Atlantic liners until five years ago, when she disappeared mysteriously, was a woman who used to search the faces of male passengers with something akin to terror, and who used to look overwhelmingly relieved when she found there was no one she recognised.

What strange story was behind her? And why, if she was hiding from somebody, should she do so on liners, where she obviously feared she would be discovered?

It seemed as if her whole life was one unending effort to elude some mysterious terror. And perhaps her strange disappearance at the last meant that what she feared overtook her in the end.

There was a beautiful brunette, remarkable for her vivacity, who crossed and re-crossed on the *Berengaria* for two years. She was reputed to be an Austrian princess and the wife of a wealthy Pole.

When she crossed to New York her luggage would bear nothing but a cloak-room address in that city. When she returned to Europe she would always book to London and leave the ship mysteriously at Cherbourg, her luggage again being addressed to a cloak-room at that port.

They used to say she was a diamond smuggler, but although her suspicious behaviour led Customs officials to make careful search among her luggage, nothing incriminating was ever found.

Snapshot "fiends"

Nor were the authorities able to find any reason why she should take such care to see that nobody discovered where she stayed in London or New York.

Among the social climbers was a woman who, although very wealthy, would use any artifice to induce a prominent passenger to buy clothing and other articles from London or New York shopkeepers, who paid her a trivial commission.

In the same category are the women who photograph fellow-passengers only for the opportunity to be snapped with the famous, so that they can say importantly during their rare visits home:

"My dear, here I am with dear Lord Blank. He is so interested in me." Or "Here you see that priceless old Baron Stuttgart holding my arm." Or "Darling, the times I had with Joe Slamemm, that boxer fellow with the classical face. Just look at him, snapped with me on the boat deck."

Like the gamblers, the ocean blackmailers watch the ship's bank to see where the money lies on board. The "gang" usually consists of a pretty young woman ostensibly travelling alone, a motherly old soul who "makes the discovery," and a party of male crooks, who handle the cash end of the deal.

The woman in a card-sharping gang works with men only. Her duty is to find a "moneyed mug" and tempt him to the table to meet "two such charming boys who didn't know each other until I introduced them."

They have such an uncanny "nose" for cash that if the wealthiest man on board is travelling third class—and many Poles and others who have made fortunes in America go home for a holiday in this way—they know all about it within twenty-four hours, and transfer their attention to that part of the ship.

Professional mothers!

There are even professional mothers. Some years ago there was a sudden fashion for having babies at sea. But these mothers did not remain mystery women for long. To-day the shipping companies protect themselves against them.

Their little trick was to pay twenty or twenty-five pounds for a passage to America, pocket a ship's collection "for baby" of anything from a hundred pounds up, and get, in addition, free medical treatment and the free passage back that the company was bound to give them.

The Cunard files contain instances of women who did this more than once, of single collections of £400 or more, and of an American motor-car manufacturer who actually presented a baby born during the trip with a car of his own make.

Every handsome liner captain has his "fan" mail. Often women have had to be escorted from the officers' quarters, even from the bridge approaches, when their ardour has tempted them out of bounds.

Some such infatuations have gone to such lengths that the chagrined officers concerned have had to obey direct orders to keep out of the public rooms for the rest of the trip—for the sake of themselves and the company they represent.

Sawbones says "No"

One London beauty who apparently wanted to marry a ship's surgeon and nobody else travelled several times to India and back to be treated for totally imaginary complaints, to the great embarrassment of the surgeons.

In the end she had to be content with an assistant ship's surgeon as a husband.

And there was the rich American girl who set her bow at the ship's hairdresser—and was refused.

One girl crossed and re-crossed the Atlantic until she found a man who had been brought up in an orphanage and married him. Perhaps she was an orphan herself, and for that reason wanted to marry someone who, like herself, had never known what it was to have relatives of any kind. Nobody ever knew.

"Life is meant to be lived and I have lived it," wrote Phœbe Sorel in a last farewell. Perhaps that phrase explains why many of these mystery women travel the seas without any apparent destination.

But there are many others whose innermost motives can never be explained. They are the strangest enigmas of all the mystery women of the sea. They live—and die—with their secrets.

Echoes of the GREAT FLOODS

A little child crying bitterly because her dolly and pram had been "drowned" was one of the minor tragedies of the great floods.

The experience of a Little Eaton reader, who was awakened by the torrential downpour and went downstairs to find 3 ft. of water swirling through the home, is a case typical of thousands.

In many instances JOHN BULL readers were deprived of fire and food for nearly twenty-four hours.

The cheques despatched by JOHN BULL to replace ruined furniture, soddened and mutilated carpets and other possessions will prove a godsend.

The first batch of these cheques has now gone forward. For particulars see page 34. JOHN BULL is the ONLY paper to pay storm and flood benefits.

HANNEN SWAFFER'S

Open Letter to OTTO KAHN,

the American millionaire

YOU'RE *the* BEST *of* Your Kind

MY DEAR KAHN,—You are back in London, I see, for your periodical trip, the usual palatial suite at Claridge's, I suppose, your invariable meeting with politicians, newspaper proprietors and all and sundry, and your persistent enquiries, for which you are famous, as to "what is going on."

Well, this time, you see a broken Europe. The Old World is a New World.

During some of your past visits I have met you and I have enjoyed, in New York, too, the charm of your conversation and your pleasant, quiet interest in life generally

In London we have discussed, several times, something which we once thought important—Anglo-American friendship. We thought, then, it would save the world. Why, now, it cannot even save America!

Now, we both realise that, apparently, nothing can save the world, except international co-operation. The old dream of shaking hands across the sea is exploded. Yet the thought of it once made luncheon tables beam and the Pilgrim Club cheer.

* * *

I have visited you in your office in the Wall Street district and I had proof of your underlying humour that I shall always remember.

I saw you seated, in a large room, with old Jacob Schiff and his son, your partners, and said, "Why do you Jewish financiers always work in the same room?" "The three Rothschilds did, and so do the two Joels."

You replied, with a wink, "To tell you the truth, partners never trust each other."

I met you, too, one night when the Diamond Horseshoe was ablaze in the Metropolitan Opera House, when Maeterlinck was your guest on the first night of the operatic version of his play, "The Blue Bird," and I remember his saying, as he left the theatre with you, "Why do they make all this fuss about me? I am only a peasant."

"I have spent perhaps a million dollars on this opera house," you told me, "and even now they accuse me of doing it to serve my own ends."

Financiers are always accused. Yet you, my dear Kahn, are the best specimen of your kind that I know.

International financiers are all suspect now. Their stock has gone down, just like their stocks and shares. All the prophecies have turned out wrong; all their judgments have proved just the bunk.

A few months ago the world fawned upon them. Now the world blames them for its troubles, not understanding that they, like everybody else, are part of the system, not even its creators. Sometimes they are the masters, it is true, but I do not see how international financiers can be blamed by people who would take their place if they could.

* * *

You are certainly the most international of all the financiers. I can remember you when you were a patriotic German. I first met you when you were a patriotic Britisher, the Conservative candidate for Ashton-under-Lyne. When I met you again, you were a patriotic American.

Some people would laugh at this. I do not. I realise that the international financier is one of the means by which international co-operation will ultimately be reached.

He started to manipulate money for his own ends. We cannot blame him, for the world to-day is built on a system of individual profit-making. Why should we blame the successful profit-makers?

While his greed helped to destroy the existing system, it showed how the new system could be built up.

Besides, my dear Kahn, you are a pioneer, a Money King who realised how things have changed.

When your son Roger, intolerant of all the means by which your fortune had been built, wanted to become a jazz musician, you realised that Jazz was the real king. You bought him a night club, the most luxurious one in the world. You let him start his own orchestra, and conduct it.

Naturally, you were a little hurt at first, but you behaved like a sport. You were wrong, of course. Jazz should be killed, not encouraged.

But you have done much to aid Art in several of its forms. You backed Morris Gest for a long time, and lost money, without complaining. You financed "The Miracle" in New York. You helped George Gershwin and encouraged the serious side of his composing—the "Rhapsody in Blue," for instance. Great man though you are in the world of finance, you seldom turn deaf ear to the struggling artist or ambitious producer. In fact, you are the most kindly of your kind.

Yet now you are sad, tired and disillusioned, like all the rest.

You have spent all your life in helping to forge an international machine and now you are frank enough to say "When one is young, one sinks every scrap of energy and thought on one's ambitions, only to find that you have merely created a Frankenstein monster that, in the end, devours you."

Now, if this is true of a pleasant and patron like yourself—a man who has done much work for international understanding, a man to whom I could point scornfully, saying "How cruel you have been in the way you made your wealth"—well, what of the others? They stand with their backs to the Wall Street, without a friend.

* * *

You, at least, have your books to fall back on, and your music and your pictures and your love of beautiful things.

They, alas, can only count the gold, gold, sometimes, that no longer is their.

You are a philosopher. Many of them are merely monsters of greed.

How we worshipped them! We thought, because they could manipulate money, that they had the greatest brains in the world. Now we know that the world cannot be saved by Money, that the world can only be saved by Faith and Courage and the practice of a self-sacrificing Ideal.

Only . . . someone must point the way.

Hannen Swaffer

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Rt. Hon. Sir HERBERT SAMUEL,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR HERBERT,—I hope you have noted the report of the inquest in the case of the quadruple murder and suicide at Cambridge.

The coroner declared that the murderer, who was armed with a revolver and an automatic pistol, was a danger to society.

Surely this shows that the present firearms law is quite inadequate and should be amended.

JOHN BULL.

BISHOP OF LINCOLN: Agree that it is unreal to ask young people, well and strong, to sing in church "'Tis weary waiting here." But they think it at employment exchanges. Help to alter that.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Capt. E. A. FITZROY,
Speaker, House of Commons

DEAR MR. SPEAKER,—I am sorry you were not able to adopt an M.P.'s suggestion that, in calling on Members, you should give preference to those who would limit their speeches to fifteen minutes.

The nation's business is impeded by long-winded speeches that not only bore the House but bore the public. Some of the offenders, unfortunately, are Ministers

As you say, the remedy for this lies with Members themselves. But some are too full of their own importance to consent to speak their mind briefly and to the point.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. THEODORE TAYLOR,
Batley, Yorkshire

DEAR SIR,—Your continued faith in the policy of profit-sharing with employees, which your firm has practised for forty years, is an inspiring example.

A million pounds has been distributed among the firm's workers in addition to wages—a practical contribution towards the maintenance of friendly relations between Capital and Labour.

JOHN BULL.

JOHN SCURR,
Seacliffe, Cumberland

BULLY,—Because your son, aged fifteen, preferred to live with his grandmother, you went to her house, dragged the boy out of bed, and unmercifully thrashed and kicked him.

Whitehaven magistrates called you a brute. They had not heard a case like yours in forty years—and so fined you 20s.

I should have sent you to jail.

JOHN BULL.

Police-Constable COWELL,
Maidstone

DEAR COWELL,—Diving into the river Medway and groping blindly through the mud, you rescued a little boy, brought him ashore, and successfully applied artificial respiration.

I hope your bravery will be suitably recognised.

JOHN BULL.

Councillor T. J. BROWN,
Hindley, Lancashire

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—Naturally you are indignant that landlords have given good tenants notice to quit because they complained to the authorities of drainage defects.

And, though the rates have been reduced, the owners have not reduced rents.

I hope you will keep pegging away at the local committee of enquiry to stop this scandal.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. FRED WAIN,
Harrowgate, Durham

DEAR WAIN,—When a theatrical company, after a bad week at Harrowgate, had an engagement guaranteed at Bootle, you gave them and their props a free lift.

Though the police knew this, you were summoned at Halifax for carrying passengers. Happily, the magistrates dismissed the case.

They probably thought, as I do, that you deserve a slap on the back instead.

JOHN BULL.

WILLIAM SLOODLEY,
Merriott, Somerset

TRICKSTER,—You obtained money and food from Midland clergymen by calling on them—bandaged and apparently lame—with a tale of a motor crash that had left you penniless.

Perhaps the four months' imprisonment meted out to you at Nuneaton will encourage you to mend your ways. As you are only twenty-three, it isn't too late.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. T. P. STEVENS,
Grove Park, London, S.E.

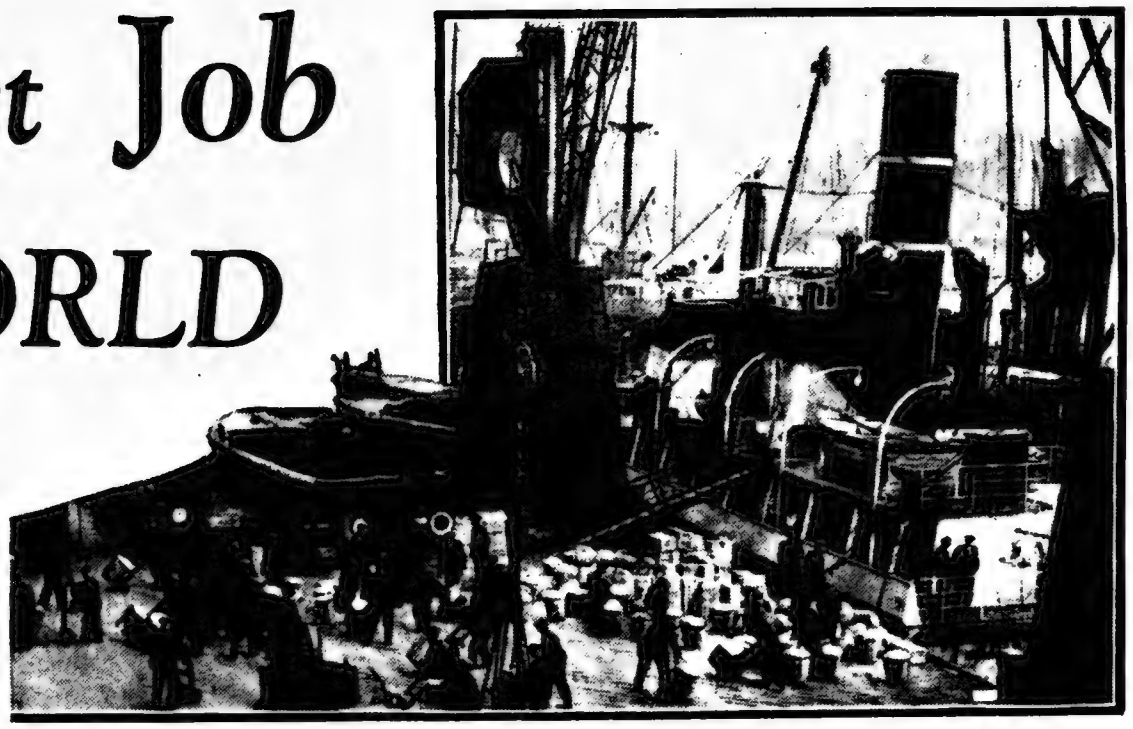
DEAR VICAR,—"Let us make war on stuffiness of mind," you cry in condemning the kill-joys.

And, though you want people to go to church, you advise them that, if they won't go, the next best thing is to visit the parks and listen to the bands in summer and go to the kinema in winter.

Grove Park is lucky in having so broad-minded a man to minister to its spiritual needs, and the Church itself benefits by having such men among its parsons.

JOHN BULL.

The Biggest Job in the WORLD



Work for idle hands; cargoes for empty holds—when will the world again see prosperity at her ports?

by A. G. GARDINER

THESE are the most fateful days in world history. "Learn or perish" was the warning which Lord Grey sounded after the war. Twelve years have passed and to-day civilisation as we have known it is perishing.

Is there time left to "learn"? Can we reverse the engines soon enough to avert the final catastrophe?

The omens are good and bad. Let us take the bad first. Next week the Lausanne Conference, which should settle the nightmare of reparations, opens.

If there is one thing on which the mind of the world is clear it is that reparations and war debts must be written off. They have hung like a curse over the world and have brought debtors and creditors alike to bankruptcy. If there is any remnant of sanity left in the statesmanship of Europe the word "Reparations" will disappear this month from the vocabulary of nations.

Junker's shadow

But a sinister shadow is cast over Lausanne by the news from Germany. Hindenburg's sacrifice of Dr. Brüning, the German Chancellor, at this critical moment is a tragedy of the first magnitude.

Brüning is the wisest statesman Germany has produced since Stresemann, and his courageous and enlightened policy has won the confidence and good will of all the Powers. His presence at Lausanne was vital to the success of the conference, and the substitution of Von Papen, a Prussian junker who was dismissed from America for his intrigues during the war, must have a disastrous effect on the course of events.

It will bedevil the atmosphere just at the moment when, at long last, more reasonable counsels are prevailing in France.

Adversity, which was late in reaching that country, is doing its work, and a marked change in public opinion and even in the Paris Press is noticeable, while the speech of M. Painlevé only the day before the fall of Brüning indicated a new and more hopeful policy towards Germany.

And nothing is more certain than that until we have got Franco-German relations on to a more cordial footing there can be no real progress towards enduring peace in Europe. It is deplorable that just when France is becoming sensible there should be this menacing change in Germany. It may result, I fear, in the failure of the Lausanne Conference to make the great gesture for which the world waits.

Instead of the clean sweep of reparations we may have nothing more than another moratorium. This would settle nothing. It would only put off the inevitable day of reckoning and leave the world deeper in the mire.

That is the dark side of the picture. The brighter side is represented by the agreement of the United States Government to come into a world conference, proposed by Britain, to deal with the economic crisis which is bringing every country to ruin.

This is a momentous decision.

It is momentous for two reasons. The first is that the paralysis from which human society is suffering is a world paralysis and can only be cured by a world remedy. Tariffs and quotas and currency restrictions and all the paraphernalia of nationalism only aggravate the disease.

The trouble is that the world has ceased to trade. Millions of tons of shipping are lying idle. Millions of unemployed are walking the streets of the cities. International commerce, which is the life-blood of the nations, is ceasing to flow.

Australia cannot export her wheat and wool and therefore cannot buy our Lancashire and Yorkshire textiles. Thousands of tons of Brazilian coffee are being thrown into the sea because Germany and other countries can no longer afford to buy coffee at a price which pays for growing it.

Growing cotton is being ploughed up in the Southern States and surplus wheat is being burned in the Western States. The trade in rubber has collapsed. Greece has defaulted because she cannot sell her dried fruits. Chili is bankrupt because the world cannot buy her nitrates. India, Japan, the Argentine—all are *in extremis* because there is no world market for their goods.

Terrible paradox

Why is there no world market?

It is not that the people have vanished or that their hunger for goods has mysteriously ceased. There are more people in the world than there have ever been and there is a greater potential consumption in the world than there has ever been. Nor has there ever been such an abundance of goods in the world as there is to-day.

But the goods and the people are kept apart. They are kept apart because commerce has broken down. And commerce has broken down because the mechanism of exchange has collapsed.

The causes of the collapse are many and are all traceable to the effects of the war and still more to the desolating "peace" that followed the war.

But they are summed up in the fact that gold has lost its magic.

It has become a monopoly of two countries, and has thrown all the world currencies into disorder. It no longer fulfils its function of keeping the balance of trade even and the wheels of trade running smoothly.

In becoming a monopoly it has enormously appreciated in value as against commodities. The price of gold has soared to the skies; the price of commodities has slumped to the abyss.

The producers all over the world are ruined, and since they cannot sell at a profit they cannot buy.

Poverty and unemployment in Australasia are reflected in poverty and unemployment in Europe, and until commodity prices are stabilised on a basis that makes it profitable to produce, trade cannot recover and the world crisis cannot pass.

All together!

We cannot get out of the mess singly. We can only get out by a long pull, a strong pull and a pull all together.

And the World Conference, too long delayed, is the only instrument by which that pull all together can alone be engineered.

The second reason that makes the conference momentous is that it shows that America has learned her lesson.

Her isolation policy, adopted immediately after the War, has been one of the chief causes of the economic catastrophe. She has learned sense through suffering. She has learned that she cannot be prosperous alone, that if the world perishes she will perish with it.

In the catastrophes of the past three years, her crash has been the most spectacular of all, and her future is as incalculable as any. She will come to the World Conference with the knowledge we shall all have, that if we do not save each other we shall not save ourselves.

That is the hopeful thing about the conference. We all know at last that it is a common doom to which the world is plunging and that only a common policy can avert that doom.

The policy of beggar-my-neighbour has brought us where we are. The contrary policy of mutual aid and a pull all together may yet redeem us.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.—

G.B.S. Reveals the Secret of

Shaw's Non-Stop Variety

HULLO! Here I am again,
In the limelight stalking;
Ready still with jeer and jest,
Doing what I do the best—
Talking, always talking!

Point to any blessed thing,
And I will attack it;
Old myself, I scoff at age;
Capital provokes my rage,
Though I do not lack it.

As a man of peace, I will,
Till the latest minute,
Beat the Revolution's drums—
But if Revolution comes
I will be agin it!

If I fail to make my position clear, the fault is not mine, but is attributable to the incorrigible stupidity of the British public.

My critics have at various times accused me of almost every sin, but the only one to which I plead guilty is that of old age.

This, admittedly, as I pointed out to the October Club, at Oxford, is a serious shortcoming. For the whole aim of old men is to perpetuate tradition, and it is largely tradition which has landed this country in the unholy mess it is in to-day.

The only thing old age has brought me is melancholy experience of how people change. Among my revolutionary friends of the old days was Ramsay MacDonald. Yet, as I pointed out, one can read Ramsay's latest speeches without suspecting him of having an idea in his head more recent than the seventeenth century.

I, on the contrary, at the age of seventy-six, am still able to talk as a revolutionary to young revolutionaries.

And forty years hence, when the undergraduates whom I addressed will be fat upholders of tradition, I, though as old as my own Methuselah, will still be making a long nose at the universe and acting on the principle that it is better to be Pshaw than sorry.

Though I am older and greyer and richer than I once was, in all G.B.Ssentials I am unaltered. It is, in fact, a nice question which is the more conducive to sadness: the way others have changed or the way I have remained the same.

Some of my contemporaries came into the world to scoff and remained to pray; but I was born with a silver tongue in my cheek, and it has never altered its profitable position.

"You are old, Father Bernard," the young men say,
"And your hair has become very white;
Yet your figure is slim and your aspect is gay,
Do you think, at your age, it is right?

"You are old," they insist; "don't you think it is time
That you talked like the men of your years?
Who fancy that age gives them wisdom sublime
And the right to bore young men to tears.

"Though you, Father Bernard, we freely admit,
Ne'er bore us, it somehow seems wrong
That you should remain so exceedingly fit,
And have kept your position so long."

To these I reply: "Although others may change—
For change is of Nature a law—
I am, in this matter, beyond Nature's range;
You can always be certain of Shaw.

"For long years ago, when my white hair was red,
To Convention refusing to bow,
I took a firm stand—viz., I stood on my head—
And where I stood then I stand now!"

In One Month I Looked 10 Years Younger

"There were wrinkles around my eyes and mouth and an alarming sagging of the cheeks. To-day my complexion is fresh, firm and youthful—every bit as good as many of my girl friends who are fifteen years younger than I. It is due entirely to the wonderful discovery of a Vienna University Medical Professor that it is not age that causes wrinkles but a lack of Biocel in the human tissue. When applied in connection with other food ingredients Biocel restores youth to the skin In four weeks it has made me 10 years younger. I recommend every woman over 25 to try this marvellous discovery."

Crème Tokalon Skintood, (Rose Colour) contains "Biocel", a marvellous, highly concentrated tissue obtained from young animals. Discovered by Prof. Dr. Stejskal of the University of Vienna and used in his famous skin nutrition tests. In these tests on women from 55 to 72 years of age, wrinkles completely disappeared in 6 weeks. (See full report in Vienna Medical Journal.)

Use this new Crème Tokalon Biocel Skinfood, (Rose Colour) at night—it nourishes and rejuvenates your skin while you sleep. In the morning use Crème Tokalon Skinfood (White Colour). This treatment is guaranteed to restore the expression of youth to the face, and to give you a new and beautiful complexion in 28 days or your money will be refunded in full.

FREE: By arrangement with the manufacturers any reader of this paper may now obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing the new Tokalon skinfood creams (rose for the evening, white for the day). It contains also trial packets of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, and other expenses. Address: Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 422 D), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull."

WONDERFUL PRAM VALUE

Coach-built Pram with Coil Springs, Ribbed Cushion Tyres, Detachable Hood, Mudguards, Chain Brake, and Storm Apron. State colour desired. Carriage Paid. 50/-

5/- NOW

TERMS: 5/- now, & 9 monthly payments of 5/- if satisfied. Fullest Approval. Catalogue of Prams and Folding Cars, all styles. Post Free. Easy Terms.
J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

For days of Health and Energy, for nights of deep refreshing sleep, drink delicious 'Ovaltine' – the Tonic Food Beverage which contains the concentrated nourishment extracted from fresh liquid milk, malt extract and new-laid eggs

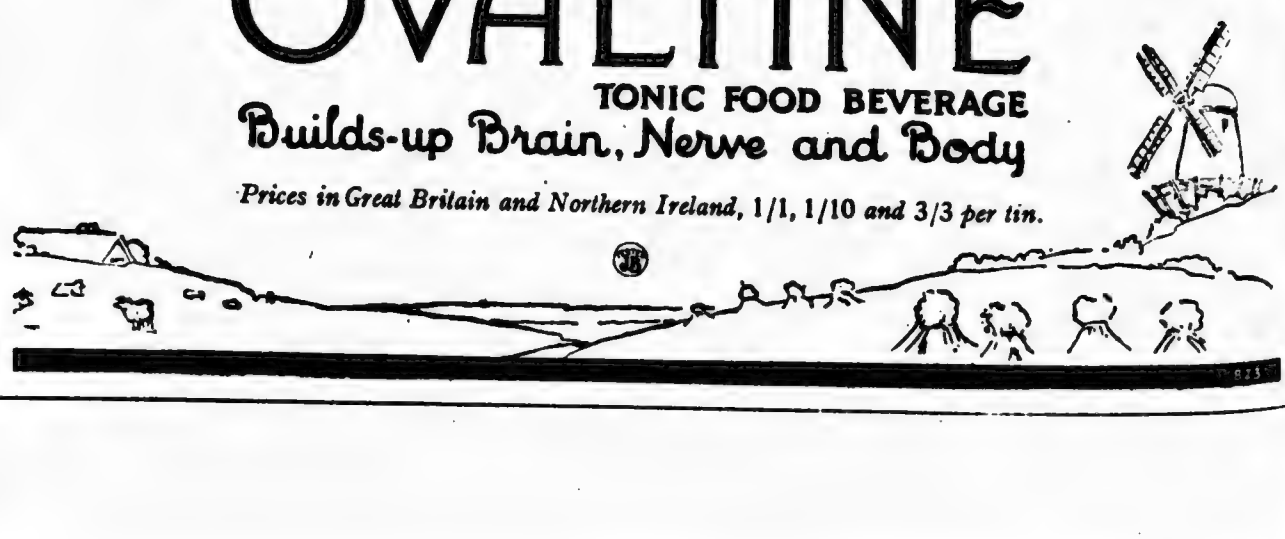
"Ovaltine" contains no added sugar, and combinations of food substances containing a high percentage of added sugar to give them bulk and to cheapen the cost are not comparable to it. It would be easy to reduce the price of "Ovaltine" by adding a high percentage of sugar (which costs only 2d. to 3d. per pound), but this would not be compatible with the high quality it is absolutely necessary to maintain for "Ovaltine."

Remember, there is only one "Ovaltine." There is nothing to equal it and nothing "just as good." Equally delicious hot or cold.

'OVALTINE'

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE
Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Prices in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 *and* 3/3 *per tin.*



"John Bull's" Great Greyhound Exposure (3)

Secret DOG-Racing COUPS

THE refusal of the National Greyhound Racing Club to countenance scores of superfluous tracks that are springing up throughout the country has led to the formation of other bodies which have challenged its supremacy as the recognised controlling influence in the sport.

Of these rival camps, the best organised is the British Greyhound Tracks Control Society, on which we made passing comment last week.

Let us see the sort of thing that is happening on one track that is affiliated to it—the Blackpool Greyhound Racing and Sports Company's Stadium.

Racing is conducted there on principles entirely different from those which govern most British sporting institutions.

Out of thirty-seven dogs raced at one recent meeting, thirty belonged to the management!

The fact that most of the prize money thus goes to the company affords an illuminating illustration of the unsatisfactory conditions prevailing on unlicensed tracks.

There is no genuine racing by privately owned dogs.

Tote frauds

On certain unlicensed courses in Midland and southern counties the totalisators are owned by the management and their friends. Independent supervision being absent, the public has no guarantee whatever that the dividends declared are genuine.

We have in mind tracks where suspicion grew to a certainty among patrons that good prices were returned only when the proprietors of the totalisators themselves were the principal winners.

They alone profited from the rigged races, and the opportunity was a good one to boost the big prices paid by the rickety machines.

When well-backed dogs won, however, the odds were usually ridiculous, and the belief that the management was taking toll of the totes has led to some ugly scenes at these shady meetings.

Totalisators on licensed tracks are under the supervision of the officials of the Greyhound Racing Totalisator Control Board, which is a body similar to the Racecourse Betting Board of Control. There is constant inspection of totes and a regular check by qualified accountants.

An astounding thing happened at Blackpool Stadium the other day. Just before a race started a brindled greyhound was seen to be wandering about, enjoying perfect freedom, actually entering an office building. A little farther on a lemon-and-white animal was also wandering aimlessly about.

Such absence of control would be impossible on licensed tracks, where it is a rule that dogs must be in the paddocks two hours before a race starts, and where stringent observation is maintained to guard against possible substitution.

It would not be countenanced for an instant under National Greyhound Racing Club rules, which specially forbid any of the licensed officials on licensed tracks to own a greyhound or to hold any interest in a greyhound's winnings.

Betting coups are encouraged by a practice on unlicensed tracks which permits a reserve greyhound to take the place of an advertised runner at the last minute, the public being in ignorance of its form. Strangely enough, the unknown quantity sometimes proves a "smasher" and romps home first at long odds.

The overworking of greyhounds on unlicensed tracks is a matter which is causing concern to the authorities, and it is understood the R.S.P.C.A. is contemplating a strict watch on this. At one unlicensed track in London certain greyhounds are running six times a week.

You are not likely to be welshed by the bookies at the licensed tracks

Starved into winning

On a southern track, a man who wanted to enter his own dog, a fine racer, was told by an official that it couldn't win that night, as another dog would be the winner. The information was accurate; but the man was told consolingly that his own dog would win before the end of the month.

It is a fact that on many unlicensed tracks where the management owns dogs, or has an interest in some, the winners are known beforehand.

The method is easy and common. The winner is given no food after breakfast, so that he chases the hare with real relish. His opponents are all overfed.

A staged coup took place recently on an unlicensed track in a London suburb, where a privately owned dog was entered against several management-owned dogs.

The stranger was led to believe that his dog would stand no chance, and everyone expected the management to win.

But on this occasion the management entered "dud" dogs and was content to let the stranger's dog romp home, as it had been heavily backed through different nominees with various office bookmakers.

The whole thing had been arranged simply for this betting coup, and, on unlicensed tracks, this is a very common form of fraud.

A visitor to another track on the outskirts of London was surprised to see forty-eight runners listed on the racecard, because the kennels did not seem capable of housing that number.

"Fighters'" role

But this is a common occurrence on tracks where the same animals are raced twice at one meeting under different names.

On this same track the visitor was astounded by the decision of the judges to let a race stand when it had obviously been spoiled by fighting. Yet dogs that are known "fighters" are often entered by unscrupulous managements to upset results.

The National Greyhound Racing Club is very strict on this score, and not long ago a genuine owner was called before the stewards to explain the running of a dog which has now been warned off as a "confirmed fighter," so it can now race only on unlicensed tracks where all the throw-outs of properly conducted racing are to be found.

Among the abuses which constantly occur to-day owing to absence of stringent and independent supervision are the substitution of dogs; the tightening of throat straps to impede breathing; the racing of dogs in false names; the fraudulent exchange of the numbered and coloured coats worn by runners; false betting returns and secret betting coups to defraud office bookmakers.

So scandalous, in fact, is the state of affairs on unlicensed tracks that the *Sporting Life*, the premier sporting newspaper, was long ago obliged to discontinue printing the betting returns in its columns, because it found that results were being so widely "rigged."

If the newly-formed Greyhound Racing Tracks Control Society hopes to bring the outlaw tracks to heel it is attempting a formidable task, for it has taken the ruling organisation — the National Greyhound Racing Club — over three years to gain its present strength, with a backing of forty-five licensed tracks.

The club is now soundly established as regards finance and administration: its tracks operate satisfactorily under its guidance and regulations.

This surely proves that legislation settling the sole responsibility on one recognised body, with no financial interest in the tracks it represents, is the way to keep dog racing clean.

Another interesting concern is the National Greyhound Sporting Club, 9, Golden Square, Piccadilly, W., which recently advertised for men with a little capital.

Applicants were offered a post on a new track. Details were not specified, but they need seemingly have no qualifications beyond an ability to hand over £200.

Investors wanted

The National Greyhound Sporting Club so far does not even possess a greyhound racing track. Its scheme is apparently based upon a hope of converting an existing dirt track—presumably with the help of employee-investors' money!

Apart from the ordinary objections to such a proposition it is generally recognised that there is no room at present for the establishment of additional tracks.

The recognised Greyhound Racing Club, indeed, has decided that London in particular is so well served that no fresh schemes should be entertained until November, 1935.

It is also of the opinion that Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham, Cardiff, Bristol, Liverpool, Birkenhead, Sheffield and Edinburgh are adequately catered for and that no new tracks should be allowed within fifteen miles of any of these centres.

In dealing with further problems in our concluding article next week we shall have other disclosures to make, and shall also submit suggestions for framing regulations to stamp out the evils it has been our duty to denounce.

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"JOHN BULL'S" great million-and-a-half sales celebration offer of a £1 Dictionary and Crossword Companion created a demand absolutely without precedent.

Many regular readers reported on the Thursday morning, when the issue was first on sale, that they were unable to obtain their copies.

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This is definitely your last opportunity to secure this memorable souvenir. *All applications must reach us not later than Wednesday, June 15.*

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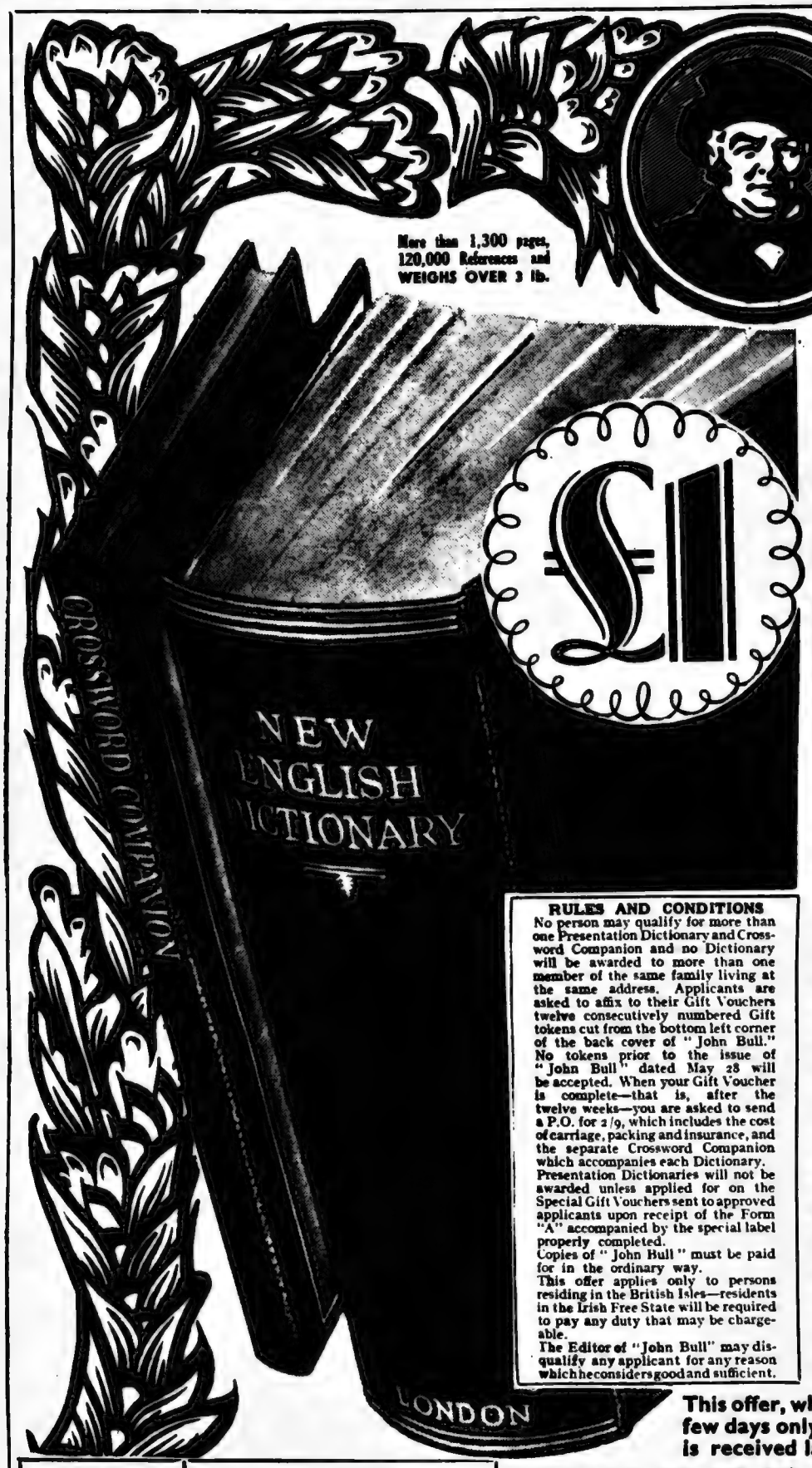
Application forms are also on page 16.



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Weekly Informations from MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

A SHOW BOAT Shown Up

"B44," otherwise William T. Williams, the polished rogue associated with this preposterous scheme

ONE of the most impudent schemes ever devised to mislead the public is now being launched by a firm of self-styled "investment bankers" known as the National Development Trust, Ltd.

I hope that this exposure will bring it to a speedy end.

Like so many shady ventures, this one has begun with the insertion of seemingly innocent advertisements in a daily newspaper.

The announcements are temptingly framed. A secretarial position, it is said, awaits an educated gentleman who is willing to travel round the world on a commercial proposition.

A year's contract is offered, with "suitable salary" and liberal expenses. Though a moderate investment is required, there is a promise of "actual security."

I think that if I cite the experience of a reader who lives in a South London suburb, I shall be giving you a fair idea of how other applicants have been received

When he responded to the advertisement he was immediately favoured with a letter from the head office of the National Development Trust, Ltd., at 199, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

Floating ambassador

He was told that the opinion had been formed from his letter of application that he "would be a very good man" for handling the business that the Trust had to offer, which was in connection with the proposed tour of an exhibition ship that was now fully equipped and ready to start on a voyage round the world.

The promised post was described as of a secretarial and confidential nature, involving the handling of travellers' and clients' accounts and the supervision and control of salesmen.

My reader was asked to call to discuss the proposition further, and at a subsequent interview he was shown a very handsome brochure, while an official spoke of a previous scheme for a pioneer voyage by the t.s.s. *British Exhibitor*, a specially equipped vessel of 8,740 tons.

Impressive references were made to the Right Hon. Lord Auckland, the exhortation of the Prince of Wales after his visit to South America, and to the need for new means of approaching overseas markets.

It will be recalled that the *British Exhibitor* was to be a floating Wembley. Its capacious holds were fitted out with exhibition stands, and British manufacturers would have unrivalled opportunities for carrying samples of their wares to world markets for inspection by foreign buyers.

There would be space for nearly five hundred exhibits.

When my reader's interest had been aroused he was told that while the original scheme had not matured and the vessel had never sailed, it had now been acquired at a cost of £25,000 by new promoters who were determined to make the project a success.

Arrangements had been made for a world tour to commence in six weeks' time. If he cared to invest he could obtain a post at £300 a year, plus one-eighth commission on the sales of the section to which he was appointed.

Don't embark!

He would have to make up his mind quickly, though, as the Trust had received over 750 applications, and one applicant was so pleased with the proposition that he was prepared to invest as much as £2,000.

While the venture was primarily commercial, the staff of this floating exhibition could be sure of generous and considerate treatment. Nor would the social side be forgotten. The value of entertaining prospective world buyers must not be underestimated; there would be plenty of sport and dancing aboard, and the vessel was even equipped with its own kinema.

Any investment he cared to make would be fully secured by bonds issued by the National Development Trust, Ltd., carrying interest at 6 per cent. and redeemable in ninety days.

I have told this reader—and others who have approached me in the same way—to leave this proposition severely alone.

While the scheme, as originally outlined under the distinguished patronage of Lord Auckland and others, had many attractive features, it has not so far achieved the anticipated success.

It was supposed to sail last November, but there was dissension on questions of policy, and Lord Auckland resigned from the board.

Debt-laden ship

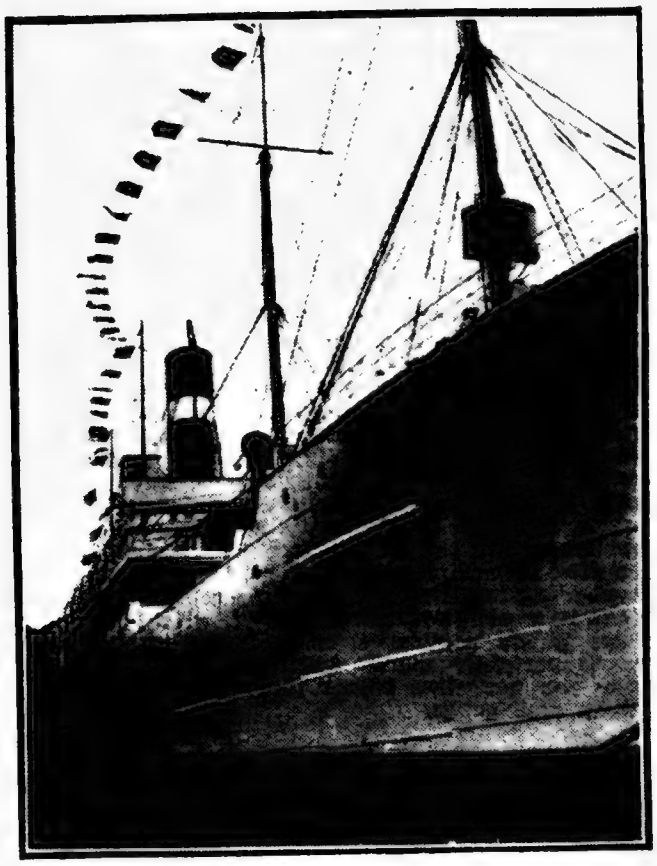
The vessel itself was then heavily mortgaged and a receiver has latterly been in charge of the company's affairs.

The present offer is an audacious and unauthorised attempt to mislead investors.

When was the *British Exhibitor* so acquired? It is still officially registered as the property of the original owning company.

While the floating exhibition idea is a good one, I think my readers will agree that the expedient of seeking employee-investors is surely not the means that should be adopted to finance a venture that should be national in scope?

But the whole scheme as now being described by the National Development Trust's plausible representative at its Piccadilly office is even more illuminating when I make one or two disclosures.



The "British Exhibitor" has not sailed yet

The letters written on the Trust's notepaper, inviting people to call in response to advertisements, are signed by a gentleman whose name, I note, does not appear among the directors—Wm. Tudor Williams. He is in reality a most notorious rogue whose underworld associates know as "B44"—the number that was once allotted to him when he was in Wandsworth Jail!

He is now known as Wm. T. Williams and appears to be the essence of respectability. I expect those who have interviewed him during recent weeks and listened to his silvery tongue will be startled when I say that he has an unenviable police record and a string of aliases, including those of Rowe and Sinclair.

In the past he has engaged in colossal share, insurance and long-firm frauds, one of which cost the public £10,000.

Nor is his record confined to this country. He is notorious in France, too, for transactions with worthless cheques and bills of exchange.

He has deceived titled people and small investors alike, and many companies promoted by him have proved disastrous failures.

Lessons in crime

His associates include some of the worst criminals, while more than one man has gained his first initiation into crime through him.

That, then, is the person who is playing such an active part in the affairs of the National Development Trust, Ltd., which, I may add in conclusion, is a trumpery concern of recent birth, with a paid-up capital of £2.

Two Bogus Airmen

HAS anybody heard of Commander Frank Woodhead and Captain R. M. Grant? Two men giving these names are at large somewhere and have proved themselves to be dangerous tricksters.

They work on rather original lines and inspire confidence by recounting plausible stories of their adventures with the air arm of the Fleet.

At Fleetwood, recently, where they took lodgings for "an indefinite period," Grant gained sympathy by saying that he had been invalided on half-pay following a bad crash at sea.

Woodhead pretended to be in communication with the London Chancery Court regarding the transfer of an estate.

Both appeared to be men of distinction and were certainly good company. They had plenty of good stories to tell for the entertainment of their landlord, who never for one moment suspected that they were impostors.

* * *

Then, one day, Commander Woodhead announced that he would have to dash up to London in connection with the estate transfer business, as the solicitor who usually controlled his affairs was abroad.

The details he furnished were most convincing, and it was understood that the Commander would benefit very substantially once the transaction was carried through.

He didn't know how long he would be away, but he hoped it would only be for a day or two. It was most annoying that this summons to town had come at a moment when he and his brother officer were both short of funds.

Their pay would be through in a few days, but the matter was urgent and couldn't wait. Would the landlord oblige him with a temporary loan? He didn't want much—just fifty or sixty pounds to tide him over in case he should be detained in town longer than he anticipated.

The outcome was that the Commander departed with £50 in his pocket, while Captain Grant decided to remain in Fleetwood.

But a little later the Captain went out "for a stroll" from which he failed to return, and the victim of these two clever confidence tricksters has since learnt that they are well-known offenders.

All the stories they tell so convincingly are the product of their own vivid imagination.

More than one person would be glad of information concerning their present whereabouts. They sometimes pass in the aliases of Frank Easton and Dick Grant, and the Captain, by reason of his stature, is affectionately referred to by his colleague as "Shorty."

JUSTICE Beats

A Lesson *from* 'Hands Up' America

by JAMES SPENSER,

the young Englishman recently deported from the United States, who here continues his sensational exposure of American methods that breed gangsters instead of wiping them out.

"Be warned!" he says to Britain. And his warning is based on experience.

He served three years in Dartmoor and three in the San Quentin Penitentiary of California.

THERE is a lot of talk just now in this country about motor bandits, about arming the police and about granting power to arrest known criminals when they consort together.

I have my own views about all these things. In the first place, the motor bandit and hold-up man in England is still a mere amateur compared with the American gangster.

Secondly, arming the police will mean a lot of casual shooting. It will make the "tough guys" tougher still and more desperate. And, judging from America, it will mean a heavy increase in police casualties.

The third idea of arresting bandits for consorting together is a good one if it can be worked without destroying the public confidence in fair play. It certainly sounds fine to capture the gangsters before they can form their gangs.

Trial by gun

But—as I see it—it might lead to victimisation and police tyranny. That would be fatal. The power of the unarmed police of Great Britain is the power of fair play.

Last week I told you how my fellow convicts in San Quentin Penitentiary, California, roared with laughter at the Dartmoor "mutiny." I wish I had been able to hear their comments on the trial of the mutineers and the sentences passed on the guilty ones.

Take it from me, there would have been no laughter. There would have been amazement and something like awe.

The Dartmoor trial would have staggered every gangster in the "pen" because of its *justice*. They would have been as much impressed by any of the accused convicts getting acquitted as by the stiff sentences passed on those found guilty.

Let me explain. If there had been a similar outbreak in San Quentin it would have been quelled by machine-gun fire.

A lot of convicts would have been killed—not the ringleaders, but just the poor dubs who got in the way. A few men, for reasons of private revenge, would have been "beaten up" into hospital or mortuary cases by the guards after the riot was finished.

Ten to one the whole business would have been settled inside the jail. If there had been an enquiry there would have been a number of savage, indiscriminate sentences and again the wrong men would have been made an example. Those protected by influence and money would have got away with it.

Murder "inside"

But at Dartmoor even the desperadoes get justice. Justice is a terrible thing for the man who deliberately means to go crooked. Sooner or later it's bound to get him.

Injustice on the grand American scale simply puts a premium on crime.

If you know that you can probably get bribed out of trouble, why worry? If you know that you have no "pull" and may get twenty years for next to nothing; then again, why worry? Either way you may as well take a chance and join the mob.

I think the public over here ought to know what things are actually like in a big American convict prison. I have already outlined the conditions which prevail; now I'll tell you some of the things I saw with my own eyes during my three years in San Quentin.

First of all consider the murder of "Cokey" Ponetti, which happened in the main mess hall within a few feet of where I was sitting. It gives a striking illustration of the power of gangdom within the prison walls.

I never learned what racket "Cokey" was in, but he was powerfully protected by Marino, the convict-gangster boss of the jute mill. "Cokey," as the name implies, was a drug fiend, and he never went short of dope while he was in jail.

Half a dozen guards in San Quentin pooled the dope racket between them. They brought cocaine and morphine and heroin into the jail from outside and sold it to the "con bosses" (convict gang chiefs) at about 200 per cent. profit. And the bosses peddled it out to the convicts in smaller parcels at a bigger profit still. But that's by the way.

There was another convict in San Quentin, "Spike" Kelly, who was a train robber by profession and looked like a young university baseball player, clear-eyed and clean-limbed. He reckoned he had been "sold" by "Cokey" Ponetti, and he swore he would get him.

Knifer's revenge

I'll have some more to say about the mentality of the real gangster later on. For the moment, please believe that when "a tough guy" says he "means to get somebody" no risk in the world can frighten him out of his revenge.

This was so well known in San Quentin that "Spike" Kelly and "Cokey" Ponetti were housed in different wings, and "Cokey" never went around without a bodyguard. Not once in three months did "Spike" ever get a chance to get near him.

I sat in mess hall about three places from "Cokey." It's a big hall, because three thousand men sit down to a meal there at the same time.

There is a gallery overhead, and the "bulls" (warders) patrol this gallery all the time with guns. But the waiters are convicts, and, except for a few ground guards here and there between the long tables, the convicts run the whole place.

What happened was this: "Spike" Kelly was feeling that his reputation would suffer if he didn't get his man pretty quickly. Believe me, a "tough guy" is just as jealous of his prestige as a prima donna.

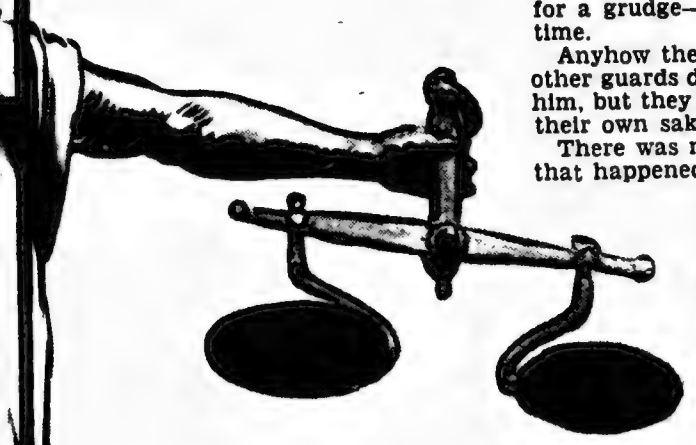
So "Spike" sneaked off into the kitchen one day, grabbed a mess waiter's cap and uniform, and picked up a bucket of hash. Then he went into mess hall swinging his bucket, and none of the men took any notice of him until he got right behind "Cokey" Ponetti.

"Spike" dropped his bucket of hash and pulled out a prison-made knife (knives were another small racket in San Quentin: you could buy a good one for about six shillings). He just leaped on "Cokey's" back and drew the knife across his throat, almost cutting his head off.

Then "Spike" was lynched by "Cokey's" gang. The "bulls" in the gallery saw the row and fired a

The GUNMAN Every Time

The GUNMAN'S WARNING (2)



burst of shots in the air. Five or six men—nothing whatever to do with the feud—dropped wounded by ricochets.

The rest of the mob broke up and left "Spike" lying. He wasn't quite dead when the guards picked him up, but he died in hospital a little later.

There was no national scandal about this murder. There wasn't even a local scandal. Nobody ever heard about it outside the jail.

"Spike" and "Cokey" were just buried on Boot Hill, the San Quentin prison cemetery, and that was the end of the matter. Except for the wounded convicts, who went to hospital.

Try to imagine anything like that in Dartmoor or any other English convict prison. A murder like that simply couldn't happen without a big fuss in the Press and some sort of public enquiry.

Take another case. One day in the jute mill they found a "ground bull" (one of the inside warders) lying on the floor dead with a prison knife driven up to the haft in his chest.

I don't know who "got" that "bull" or why. Perhaps he had double-crossed some convict, taking money for smuggling out a message and not delivering it—something like that. Or, perhaps, he had been "riding" one particular man for a grudge—giving him a terrible time.

Anyhow there he was, dead. The other guards didn't care much about him, but they had to take action for their own sakes.

There was no official enquiry. All that happened was that next morning we were all kept in our cells and the "bulls" made a cell-to-cell search for knives. They certainly found a bundle of them—which was only to be expected seeing that they got their commission on the knife-selling racket.

No questions were asked. Every man who had a knife was simply "put on the shelf" for anything from four to six months.

All the rest of us who were lucky enough not to have knives laughed a good deal. You see the humour of the situation lay in the fact that whoever knifed that guard left his knife in the body, and so he was well out of it whatever happened.

A word about "the shelf." I told you about the "black hole" last week. "The shelf" is one degree less bad, but it lasts longer. Six months is supposed to be the legal maximum, but, if the bulls have a down on you, they can make it twelve or eighteen just as they like.

Making madmen

"The shelf" is just a row of narrow cells along one tier. Each has a narrow bed and a sanitary bucket and nothing else. There is no artificial light, and the daylight comes through filtered from outside for two or three hours a day when the sun is high.

On the shelf you can't see to read for more than a very little while, but that doesn't matter, because you are not allowed any reading matter. You are not allowed shaving kit and you are not allowed exercise. You get ordinary rations slung at you once every twenty-four hours and once a fortnight you are marched out for a bath.

That's all. For six months more or less you live in that one gloomy cell, 7 ft. by 4 ft., with nothing at all to do except watch your beard and hair grow longer.

If you should be kept there more than six months the long odds are that you will grow "prison soft"—just mildly crazy for life. But a tough guy, with murder in his heart to keep him going, can sometimes stick it for about a year and still come out almost sane.

Imagine anything like "the shelf" or the "black hole" at Dartmoor, where they can't even put a man on bread and water without a complete record in the prison books!

I could fill a book with stories about San Quentin, never touching anything which I hadn't seen or known personally while I was there, but what's the use when there is only one idea I want to hammer home?

Graft-ridden jails

San Quentin — like everything else in America—is rotten with graft. Money—or influence, which means money—will get you anything in reason.

Even the guards who took out the prisoners' fortnightly shopping list *always* brought back two packets of "phoney candy"—dud sweets worth about ten cents a packet, for which they charged you a dollar. That was their recognised graft. No convict ever thought of making a fuss about it.

Every privileged job was bought. Every big gangster had a soft time. But the no-account criminal without money and without friends simply went through hell.

Now in Dartmoor, and I suppose in every other English jail, prisoners have no money and there is no graft. Every man is treated alike. One man's grouse is every man's grouse. Each gets a reasonable chance of being taught a trade.

And a stretch on the Moor is never any fun. It is hard, definite punishment made bearable because you *know* you deserved it and everything is "on the level."

Here's my moral. If a man has it in him to turn over a new leaf and make good in some occupation, he will come out of Dartmoor determined that he is never going to go back. True, there are lots of old lags so hardened that nothing will cure them. An incurable is an incurable all the world over.

Even the tough ones, though, don't leave an English jail full of murder.

But that's how they leave San Quentin, unless they have been broken and gone prison soft. They come out, knowing the power of money and graft, with the deep resolve to have money at all costs and to be inside the rackets.

And they come out with an oath to shoot rather than go back again.

A young fellow may go into San Quentin just for some mad piece of boyish deviltry. He comes out of it a killer. They breed gangsters and gunmen in American jails faster than they recruit them outside.

That is why I say that the Dartmoor enquiry was worth while. There is no reason to worry about making things easier for convicts—or harder. Just make certain that even-handed justice continues to be administered.

Just see to it that punishment continues to follow conviction, *inevitably*. And keep police and warders, as they have been hitherto, out of the temptation of easy bribery.

I write as a young man with a very bad record, but I know this: there will be no large-scale racketeering in Britain until the public begins to make heroes of the gangsters and the police begin to take bribes.

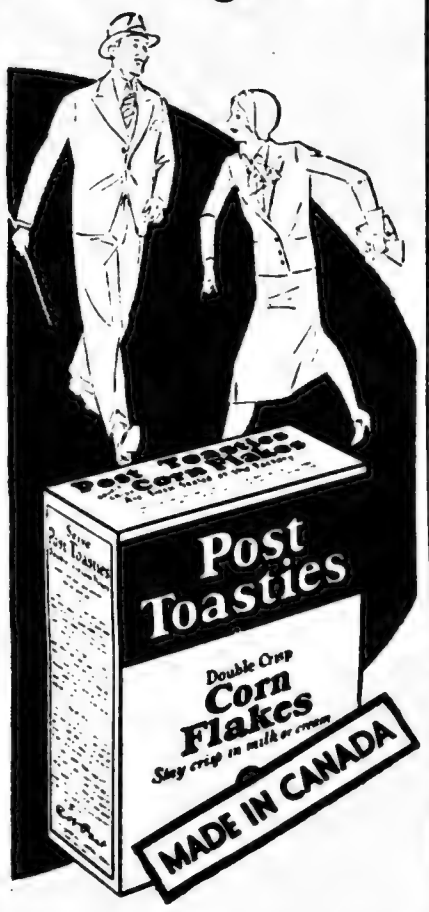
Next Week

"The Gang War is Everybody's War"

"The power of Britain is the power of fair play"

"The Dartmoor trial would have staggered every gangster because of its *justice*." Here are some of the prisoners after they had been pardoned

Now! have a Wake-up Breakfast



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A BACKSTAGE MYSTERY—

"It wasn't Miss Apricot, but another girl in the same or similar clothes"

The TRUTH at

ONE of an author's greatest difficulties—but let me assure you that it is only one of them—lies in the matter of coincidences. In real life, and you know this as well as I do, coincidences are not only common, but inescapable.

Generally, they're pretty crude, more often than not they're entirely pointless, yet occasionally they're so neat, so close-knit, so completely rounded off, that it seems monstrous to any poor author—fiction's my line, you know, and that's the kind of author I'm talking about—that he can't use them professionally.

But he can't. What's good enough for truth, apparently, becomes quite incredible when you try to put it in a story.

"No," you say to yourself, with your pen poised in the air, "they'd never swallow that. They'd only say I was losing my grip, that I didn't know my job, if I wrote anything as far-fetched as that."

OUT it goes, and the poor author has to fall back on his inferior invention.

That his wildest imagination falls far short of the kind of thing that's happening every day seems to be neither here nor there. One mustn't and one daren't use that kind of coincidence on paper.

"No," say the editors as one editor, if you try it, "we very much regret . . ."

And yet I myself knew a man who lost a signet-ring while he was bathing; who hunted and searched for it for hours during several subsequent low tides; who abandoned the quest as hopeless; who went back to London; who returned, months later, and was describing the loss to a friend.

"It was just about here," he said—for they were walking on the shore. And he poked his walking-stick into the sand and brought it out again with the ring neatly threaded on the end.

And I myself—— But perhaps this one hardly ranks as a coincidence, and for that reason perhaps I can spread myself a little more, and tell it you—though it's the truth—more in the manner of a real story.

Certainly it's odd that I should eventually have met the character who is, in a sense, its heroine, and certainly if I'd never met her it would be a pretty flat sort of anecdote for a periodical like this—or for any other periodical, if it comes to that.

But the test, to me, is that though all this happened several years ago, and though I've tried over and over again to use it for a short story or work it into a novel, I've never succeeded because I knew everyone would say it was incredible.

And it *is* incredible. I don't for a moment expect you to believe it, nor, I may add, shall I be the least offended if you don't.

The point is that at last I have found an opportunity of relating it, not in the guise of fiction, but as something that actually took place.

I feel rather excited in this unusual situation, and I hope you do, too.

I have—and now we've really started—a highbrow friend whom I propose to call Gregson. We like each other, or of course I shouldn't have used the word "friend"; but whereas I consider myself plain, blunt and honest, he thinks I'm a little stupid; and whereas he considers himself clever and critical—and I'm not saying he isn't—I have a deep conviction that he misses about three-quarters of the fun in life.

On these points, and as friends, we generally agree to differ, and of course there's no more doubt that one man's meat is another man's poison than that one man's amusement is another man's torment.

However, Gregson—probably moved by nothing more sinister than pity—had just taken me to a private performance of a Russian play at which I should really prefer not to describe my sufferings. And I—honestly actuated far more by benevolence than revenge—had retaliated by inviting him to a musical comedy.

AND why not? Why shouldn't I try to broaden his mind when he'd tried, and failed, to elevate mine? Tit for tat, I thought. If not coals of fire on the blighter's head.

Why should he look so superior when he'd never seen a musical comedy in his life? Doesn't a lot of hard work, and skill, and even intelligence go into these productions?

I'd get the best seats for the biggest success, and Gregson should sit beside me, and if he didn't enjoy himself thoroughly and thank me afterwards—well, figuratively speaking, and at this stage, I was quite prepared to eat my hat.

So we both dressed up, and we dined—at my expense—and we drove to the theatre, and I bought a programme, and the band played loud, cheerful music—at Gregson's Russian play there hadn't

The Human Machine

Unruly Martyrs

THERE is an old tag that says "Patience is a virtue." It is, indeed, a far greater virtue than most people suspect, for the man who can really be patient is equipped with most of the mental qualities that are essential for success.

It is rather curious that so many people look on patience as being synonymous with passivity. They think being patient just means being a martyr, filled with the ability to suffer endless blows and setbacks without a murmur, able to raise at least a wan smile if endless difficulties and troubles threaten to overwhelm them.

The only trouble with such a touching picture is that it isn't true. Genuine patience is a much more robust quality than that: it is the hall-mark of a genuine man—not the stamp of a sheep.

Patience means self-control and self-discipline, the ability to keep one's temper, and therefore to preserve a cool, sound judgment on men and things.

It implies the possession of well-nigh endless will-power, and the ability to start again and again when efforts fail to produce the required results. It implies the possession of boundless optimism and faith and hope.

It implies an infinite capacity for hard work and attention to detail, cheerfulness, foresight and real ability to think. There is hardly anything in human make-up worth having that is not contained in that one word "patience."

When people say they have not the patience to do this or that, they mostly mean they have not the necessary will-power. The other name for impatience is indiscipline.

People possessed of patience may be martyrs, though they need not and should not be; but impatient people are inevitably martyrs of the very worst kind, for they are the daily victims of their own untrained and unruly minds.

—What Happened Behind the Scenes?

LAST

by DENIS MACKAIL

been so much as one twang on a balalaika—and the curtain went up, and all was light, movement, rhythm and merriment on the boards.

Even Gregson, I thought, must feel stimulated by quite so much liveliness and efficiency—for the play was at the height of its run, and all concerned were giving of their best—and I glanced at him, and was delighted to see something closely resembling a smile on his customarily rather sardonic features.

At musical comedies no one objects to a little dialogue in the front of the house, and I asked him if he didn't think the show pretty good.

"Remarkable," he said. "I'd always heard these performances never had any plot."

"Oh, but of course they have," I said. "Aren't you thinking of revue?"

"Eh?" said Gregson vaguely. I saw him staring at an actress whom I propose to call Miss April Apricot—though, of course, that isn't her name—and as Miss Apricot was dancing with extreme brilliance and vivacity, and affording me a good deal of pleasure by doing so, I let the discussion drop.

Off she went, to a storm of applause, and then—a few minutes later—back she came, and——

But no. That's just where I was wrong. It wasn't Miss Apricot, but another girl in the same or similar clothes. Yet the characters on the stage appeared to treat her as if she *were* Miss Apricot. Had I missed some explanation or preparation for this change, then? Or what had happened?

I could see that Gregson was a bit puzzled, too; but it wasn't my job to point to any flaws in the story. I had every confidence that the mystery would be solved at any moment—and, mark you and mind you, it was still as clear as crystal compared with his Russian play—and meanwhile——

Well, meanwhile, dash my buttons if a *third* girl didn't come on and apparently convince everyone else in the company that she was still the first girl.

"Triplets?" I suddenly thought. But there was nothing about triplets in the programme, and, besides, it all seemed so senseless, and nobody ever attempted to refer to the obvious discrepancy.

Three different girls, it seemed, were all being mistaken for the same girl—though they were all quite unlike each other—not a word was uttered that threw the faintest light on this extraordinary confusion, and I don't mind telling you that my head was beginning to reel.

Gregson wanted me to explain it to him in the interval, but of course I couldn't, and naturally he became rather contemptuous about my favoured form of entertainment.

"It's positively imbecile," he said. "How dare they call this a play?"

"Wait," I said, controlling myself on the subject of his Russian dramatist. "Give 'em a chance," I said. "They're bound to clear it up in the second half."

"Are they?" said Gregson, with a touch of patronage. And up went the curtain again, and, bless my soul, if a *fourth* girl didn't come tripping on, still, it would seem, in this fantastic and preposterous role.

It was too much. I was beaten. The intellectual Gregson had got me on the mat. His growing restlessness communicated itself to me. To remain at this inane performance would be as cruel to him as it was embarrassing for me.

I glanced at his baffled profile; I nudged him; I murmured something. We both bent over and drew out our coats and hats.

* * *

AND that was the end of my unselfish experiment, as no doubt it was the end of Gregson's patience with all popular successes. It would also be the end of a singularly footling and unsatisfactory story—if, about a year later, I hadn't met Miss Apricot herself at a party.

She was a charming creature, and naturally I wished to make myself pleasant. I told her how much I'd admired her performance in that farrago of balderdash—only, of course, I didn't call it that.

"But," I said, "what a pity they didn't give you more to do."

"But," she said, "I was on the stage almost the whole time." And then, suddenly, she stared at me—for you can imagine that I was staring at her—and laughed.

"What?" she said. "You don't mean you were there the night when I sprained my ankle? I did it in my first dance, just at the end," said Miss Apricot, "and I absolutely couldn't move.

"My real understudy had reported, and they'd let her go out again, and my second understudy was actually on in the same scene.

"So all they could do was to take the nearest girl they could find and send her on in my clothes to do her best. Then the second understudy came off, and naturally they made her take over. And then they managed to catch the first one on the telephone, and she rushed back and played the part in the second act.

"BUT," said Miss Apricot, "I was all right again for the finale—that's to say, I could do everything except dance—and I came on again, and I made a little speech at the end, and the audience were awfully sweet, and I felt they quite understood and forgave me, though, of course, it had been a bit puzzling for some of them at the time.

She looked at me with her enormous and irresistible blue eyes.

"Didn't you hear my little speech?" she asked.

I deliberately knocked over a champagne-bottle.

Next Week:

W. B. MAXWELL

tells a cameo tale:

"THE ENGAGEMENT PARTY"

"The Greatest of These—"

A Parcel of Bad Luck

FOUR-YEAR-OLD Jeanetta doesn't look too happy, perhaps because she was only recently released from hospital, where she was nursed through a bad attack of pneumonia. Before that, she was eight weeks in hospital with diphtheria.

She is one of the five kiddies of an ex-Service man who was one of four brothers serving in the war, one of whom was killed, and his nerves are not too strong.

Jeanetta isn't happy...

He has been out of work since Christmas. "I am always trying for a job," he said. "You get sick of it, morning after morning, but I do not give up trying."

His baby was taken to hospital a few nights ago, having developed measles. His wife is a bundle of nerves, which he attributes to worry.

They all live in the same room, and the eldest of the family, a boy of thirteen, has to sleep on the floor. When Jeanetta had diphtheria, her parents were advised to destroy the bed and bedding as a precaution, and it has been impossible to replace it out of dad's unemployment pay.

"You cannot nourish your children as you would like to," he says, "if you are out of work, but they must be fed and clothed. My wife's wedding-ring is in pawn and some of my clothes. I have had a proper parcel of bad luck lately."

Another child is expected out of hospital shortly, and the parents are most anxious to get fit bedding for their son and little ones.

For this reason we place the "parcel of bad luck" belonging to Jeanetta's dad in our readers' hands, to exchange it for something better.

Donations sent earmarked for Jeanetta will reach her family safely. These and all subscriptions should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

List of donations can be seen at this office, or a list of the current week's will be sent on application.

Come to think of it, there's only one really good reason for smoking and that is to add an *extra* pleasure to the joys of life, so—your choice in smokes becomes important.

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THE HAY FEVER BOGEY

Good News

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Nearly every household in this country has a bottle of Milton, and knows that it is to be relied upon for whatever they first tried it for. Well, in the new (orange and white covered) Book of Directions which is now packed with every bottle of Milton the use numbered 41 of the 154 uses which are explained in this book tells you how to relieve Hay Fever—easily, quickly, with certainty. Every Hay Fever season the makers receive hundreds of letters from grateful users calling down blessings upon Milton for giving them quick, welcome relief from this pitiless affliction.

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Do *you* have Hay Fever? And have *you* ever tried Milton for it—tried it *as directed*, mind? A bottle of Milton fluid doesn't cost a fortune, just sixpence! Why not try it to-day?

HUMAN DOCUMENTS: Philip Inman *says*—

Ambition alone will not capture success; there must be the spur of grit and dogged determination and real hard work . .

AMBITION *is* NOT *Enough*

ARE you in love with your job? Does it interest you? Can you put your back into it? Or is yours like so many others—a humdrum existence that seems to lead you nowhere?

There are many people who write to tell me that if only they had a chance they could make a success of their lives.

But that chance never seems to come. Either by accident or design they find themselves in some work that is nauseating to them. And it is the devil's own job to escape from it.

"I would give anything to get out of my present rut, and find some way of improving my position," is the plea of many a reader.

The other day I wrote about the possibility of a poor lad becoming a medical man. As a result, I have been inundated with letters from would-be doctors. Here is one of them:

Coats off!

"I know I should make a good doctor," writes a young miner from Cardiff, "as I have always been interested in this kind of work and am now in charge of the local ambulance detachment.

"Do you think I shall have any luck? I think I ought to tell you that I am not much of a scholar, as I only went to the council school. But if you can help me realise my desire I shall always be grateful to you."

I like the ambitious note in that young fellow's letter. The wish to get on is often the father to success.

But let me be quite frank with him. Ambition is not sufficient in itself. It requires a good deal of ability and plenty of grit to become a doctor to-day.

From his letter I cannot judge whether he possesses these qualifications. If he does, there is no earthly reason why he should not reach his goal. Others have done it.

One of my closest friends, who is now a successful doctor, worked in the mines until he was twenty-three years of age.

This is how he won through. He attended classes at a night school which enabled him to sit for his matriculation examination, and this, let me add, is the gateway to almost every profession. When he ultimately came to a London medical college he studied by day and kept himself by working as a waiter at night.

And what he did others can do. I could cite innumerable instances.

Take the case of the late Home Secretary, Mr. J. R. Clynes. At twelve years of age he was working from early morning till late at night for a few shillings a week. After his hard day's work he would go up to his little attic and pore over a cheap dictionary until he made himself proficient in the English language.

He had no family influence to push him on, and educational facilities were much rarer in those days than they are now. But he possessed the three qualifications which are essential for success in any walk of life, and to which I have alluded—ambition, ability and grit.

My Cardiff friend will no doubt find encouragement in that fine example. He asks if he will have any luck. Let me remind him that luck often has a "p" before it. My own feeling is that there is nothing you cannot achieve if you make up your mind about it.

"Wet blankets"

Another reader might also take this advice to heart. He tells me that he is twenty-three years of age, and has been taking a correspondence course in handicrafts. His letter goes on:

"The reports from the college show that I have done 'very good work.' But I have not been satisfied, for I have supplemented my tuition by taking a practical course of instruction at the local night school.

"Just recently I have been discouraged, as two or three of my friends have told me that it is foolish to hope that I shall ever be able to change my occupation (I am an engine-cleaner). They point out to me that there are plenty of men unemployed who possess qualifications, such as the B.Sc., and who would have the first chance of any vacancies.

"This has put a great doubt into my head and makes me wonder if I could hope to realise my ambition and become a handicraft teacher eventually. Please be candid with me and don't mind my feelings if you really believe as my friends do."

There are always people ready to throw a cold water douche on any laudable endeavour. I think my correspondent is to be congratulated on the steps he has already taken to improve his position. There seems no earthly reason why he should not succeed. His reports from his college are good; his additional efforts at the night school reveal his keenness.

Artist's dilemma

Let me urge him to ignore entirely the taunts of his so-called friends.

True, there is unemployment in the handicraft world as in everything else just now, but there is always an opening for the right man. I know many people who are engaged in this work who have never taken a degree. It is all rubbish to say that you must have a B.Sc. or any other qualification.

If my correspondent does not mind going abroad, he should write to the Colonial Office for information regarding any possible vacancies. From his letter I believe that he will confuse his critics and make a great success of his life.

And, talking of likely openings, here is a letter from a reader who is attracted by the prospect of becoming a free-lance artist.

He is a delicate young man of twenty-eight, who had to leave school when he was eleven owing to some physical disability. As a result he has not learned a trade or profession, and during the last two or three years he has not earned a single penny. Living—"existing" would be a better word—on the 7s. 6d. a week he receives from the Public Assistance Committee.

He has seen glowing advertisements of postal courses in artistry, and he adds:

"I seem to possess wonderful imaginative skill and am pretty sure I could do illustrations and sketches for newspaper advertisements. I know somebody who would be willing to lend me the money to undertake the course, but I do not feel disposed to accept this offer unless I feel fairly confident that I should be successful. Is the risk worth taking?"

The final test

His is another case where it is almost impossible to judge from reading a single letter.

This young man's best plan would be to seek the advice of an art master at a local school, or to write to the head of the art department of one of the big advertising agencies.

If he explains to them the sad circumstances of his life, I am sure they would be willing to guide him aright.

He should ask them quite candidly whether, in their opinion, he is sufficiently gifted to do well, and whether there is likely to be a good demand or market for his work.

If he gets a favourable reply he should go full steam ahead. Not only will it afford him an occupation for his mind, but it should result also in his receiving a decent income.

But in his case, as in that of the others, ability will be the final test.

IT'S easy enough to find trouble, they say. Well, here's a man who is looking for some—Philip Inman, JOHN BULL's "Humanist."

Post your worries to him and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for his reply; he'll do his utmost to help you, he promises.

Readers whose letters are quoted on this page will be paid £1 1s.

Good for Grown-ups too!

7½d per packet
(U.S. accepted.)

Kellogg's Corn Flakes are good for children — and they're good for grown-ups too. It's a cereal you never get tired of because there are so many ways of serving it: with cold milk or cream, honey or syrup or fruit.

Kellogg's Corn Flakes are one of the most economical and convenient foods. Always oven-fresh in the sealed, inner WAXTITE bag. No cooking required. Order a red-and-green packet from your grocer today.

Kellogg's
CORN
FLAKES

Made by KELLOGG *in* LONDON, CANADA
KELLOGG CO. of GREAT BRITAIN, Ltd.
Bush House, London, W. C. 2

JB

Cherry Blossom Boot Polish Hystericals No. 9. Edward IV. A.D. 1461-1483.

Mr. Caxton pulls a conclusive proof.

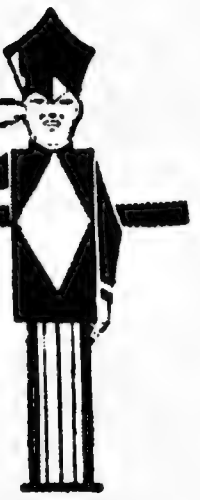
Printing was first introduced into England by William Caxton about 1471. He set up his printing press at Westminster and received valuable patronage from Edward IV. and various nobles.

Cherry Blossom Boot Polish

Black, White, Brown, Dark Tan & Tonette. In tins with easy opener, 2½d., 4½d. & 6d.

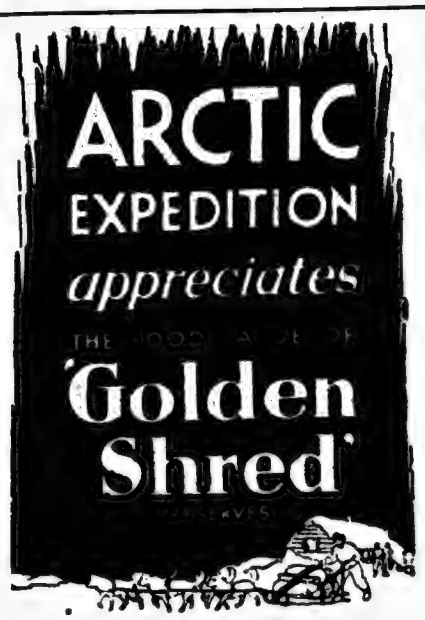
An expensive camera *deserves* SELO — a simple camera *demands* it

—the fast British Film
THAT IS MADE FOR EVERY SIZE AND MAKE OF CAMERA



SELOCHROME

For dull days or difficult subjects use Selochrome, the Extra Fast Film. It will extend the time and opportunities for your photography.



The British Polar Year Expedition that recently left this country will face rigorous Arctic conditions for 15 months. Only provisions of the *highest food value* have been taken. There is no finer testimonial to the quality of the goods which have been chosen:

'Golden Shred' Marmalade
Robertson's Mincemeat
Robertson's Ginger Marmalade
Robertson's Blackcurrant Jam

AWAY *with our* SEASIDE *Prudes!*

Little bodies bared to the health-giving sun. But the prudish autocrat of the seaside town council holds up his hands in horror at the dreadful spectacle

MRS. GRUNDY is polishing her spectacles and Paul Pry is digging out his strongest binoculars. For summer is here, and throngs of holiday-makers are beginning to rush to the golden beaches of our coasts.

And many of them will so far forget themselves as to remove their clothing, don slips or scanty bathing costumes and bask in the sunlight.

This evil tendency of modern youth to forget the disgraceful character of the human body has already made questions in the House of Commons necessary.

Not so long ago the Home Secretary was asked whether, in view of many complaints received from seaside authorities, he would consider the introduction of legislation prohibiting bathers undressing on the beaches.

The Home Secretary did not see his way to take the suggested line of action, maybe because he happened to be a man of common-sense.

Undaunted by this rebuff, Mrs. Grundy and Company have this year joined forces and openly declared their anti-sunlight crusade. No fewer than twenty-seven popular seaside resorts are determined to close their beaches to the sun-bathers.

Go to any of these places and stretch your sun-starved body in the sun, without the prudish regulation covering, and you will be ejected from the beach. You may even be prosecuted for indecency.

By what right do these seaside dictators impose their wills upon their more enlightened fellows? They do so by right of local by-laws.

SOME of these by-laws need a more close scrutiny. Indeed, the whole law concerning the subject of undressing in the open air needs reshaping. And for this reason—we are controlled to-day by a law that was passed in 1657, when Charles II. was King.

It is a common saying that hard cases make bad law. The law of indecent exposure—which is that invoked by these opponents of modern sun-bathing—resulted from the mad prank of a drunken baronet, Sir Charles Sedley, who stood naked on his balcony overlooking Covent Garden.

But if it is to the law that these prurient ones appeal, there is food for thought for them in the decision of the courts just two centuries ago. Then it was decided that for a woman to appear in public naked to the waist did not constitute indecency.

The truth is that to-day we lag behind the rest of Europe in our attitude towards sun-bathing. As Dean Inge said, after returning from Sweden, a land where all sun-bathe without restriction:

"We are in danger of being the most backward country in Europe in our use of the open air and light. Our climate may have something to do with it, but the main cause is that we have not yet learned that a decent-minded person is not ashamed of the human body as God made it."

UNTIL local authorities steeped in the stuffy ideas of early Victorian days are deprived of their powers of interference, there is little hope of emancipation from their prurient minds.

Such people, of course, need our pity. They require to be educated and mentally spring-cleaned. They need sunlight more than anybody else, because they need it in their hearts and minds.

Yet to-day, when the whole world is moving sunwards in the quest of glowing health, these very people, warped by repressions and stifled from youth, possess the power to impose their wills upon their more clean-minded and enlightened neighbours.

An actual case serves to illuminate the sort of mentality the majority of decent people are up against.

Two old maiden ladies, whose windows overlooked a beach, complained to the local council that men were bathing naked early in the morning in view of their windows.

The council shooed off the bathers to a point further along the beach. Then the old ladies complained that the men were still visible *through field-glasses.*

It is hard to believe, but there are seaside places where even small children may not go naked or even in slips, but must cover their little bodies and learn to know the meaning of shame.

"If children at the seaside," said Viscountess Erleigh, "wore bathing drawers instead of bathing dresses, they would automatically receive a sun bath as they took their daily bathe."

True enough, but the contemplation of such a spectacle fills the breasts of many a seaside town councillor with righteous indignation. It cannot be permitted. It is not permitted at more than one popular resort.

THE result of this weighty body of local opinion, clothed in an authority for which it is psychologically and mentally unfitted, is that we are falling behind in the race for health.

It is a hard and an unpleasant fact, perhaps, but the youth of modern Germany excels our own in bodily strength and vigour, as does that of Sweden and Norway.

The reason is that the youth of those countries is not harried and hunted, insulted and impeded in its search for bodily health and vigour by those who see evil where there is none.

The issue is not that of nudism, about which there may be many opinions. It is simply and plainly the issue of the right of ordinary decent people to sun-bathe along their native shores.

The time has surely come when public opinion should be consolidated against these prurient prudes who haunt our beaches with their long noses and inquisitive eyes.

If there be any indecency about, it is to be found most surely in one place—in the minds of those who see indecency in lithe and lovely bodies, sun-tanned and strong.

Our beaches surely need cleaning up. Away with the seaside prudes and let our sunny seashore be the recruiting ground of a race clean-limbed and strong.

The prurient and the prude, after all, have their own remedy. It is to keep away.

Corns and Callouses

Lift Off—No Pain

Drop a little 'Freezone' Corn Remover on an aching corn and *instantly the pain stops.* Soon you can lift the corn right off! 'Freezone' Corn Remover ends every kind of corn and callous in a few nights. A bottle costs but 1/3 from your chemist, Boots', Taylor's or Timothy White's.

Three 'Freezone' Corn Rings included free

FREE to Ambitious Readers
The Bennett College on page 14 offer a copy of their New Book, "*The Human Machine—Secrets of Success.*" Write for it to-day!

SIDE-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Slips." When a "slip" is sent in by more than one reader, the prize is awarded to the first opened.

DETECTIVE BOOK MAGAZINE:—"Darby set his alarm clock and flung himself down to snatch a little SHEEP.

THE BULLETIN:—"The Department were encouraging girl candidates to take an intensive course in domestic science in the MONTHS BETWEEN March and April."

IRISH TIMES:—"Dr. —— was fined twenty shillings and his motor driver's licence suspended for three months for driving a motor-car CAREFULLY."

QUIVER MAGAZINE:—"The new translucent tablets . . . are very fragrant and UNPLEASANT to use."

FARMERS' GAZETTE:—"The ten best sows in the association yielded an average of 7,654 lb. of milk."

LEICESTER EVENING MAIL:—"I would like to have a long, tight-FIGHTING dress."

BATH AND WILTS CHRONICLE AND HERALD:—"Single men will have to pay more income-tax, and married men with children will PLAY less."

HALIFAX COURIER AND GUARDIAN:—"Wanted working girl DODGER."

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN:—"General wanted immediately, must have UNDESIRABLE references."

FOR ALL COLD MEATS

Military Pickle is a firmly established favourite. Made from wholesome vegetables blended to a mellow flavour not too sweet, nor yet too sharp. It strikes a happy medium between the large hard pickle and the soft mashy variety.

Hayward's

MILITARY PICKLE & SAUCE

FOR HOT STEAKS CHOPS ETC.

—and now comes Military Sauce which finds immediate favour by its luscious flavour, as in the Pickle only the finest Oriental fruits, spices and malt vinegar are used. Purity in every drop.

Of all Grocers.

PICKLE
10½d. and 1/6 per bottle.

SAUCE
6d. and 9d. per bottle.

HAYWARD BROS., LTD.,
KENNINGTON, S.E.11.

Toothpastes can't perform miracles

when you are told a dentifrice does more than cleanse . . . beware

A toothpaste claiming the work of a dentist is worse than failure —it may cause harm.

Colgate's is a *cleanser*. Its unique energy penetrates microscopic fissures in grinding surfaces or teeth, flows between teeth, lifts flecks of food from where teeth and gums meet. Colgate's cleans all surfaces and crevices of teeth. Large Size 1/- Medium Size 6d.

MADE IN ENGLAND

We will gladly send you a week's supply of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream free. Simply address Colgate's, Ranelagh Road, London, S.W.1.
Send post card (1d. postage)

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

A COVENTRY-BUILT CYCLE is the FINEST MOUNT IN THE WORLD.

Shod with DUNLOP tyres, THREE-SPEED GEAR CHROMIUM PLATED finish built by COVENTRY'S skilled engineers. Dozens of different Models including Racers & Sports.

CARRIAGE PAID
A kit, including PUMP, TOOLBAG, TOOLS, BELL, ELECTRIC LAMP, CARRIER & REFLECTOR, FREE.

Write for free Lists NOW

Edward O'Brien Ltd
DEPT 2,
COVENTRY.

FROM £3 10s CASH or TERMS

Glitto

6923-IELA JOSEPH CROSFIELD & SONS LTD., WARRINGTON.

The Tobacco for YOU

PLAYER'S

8D PER OZ. DIGGER FLAKE

(READY RUBBED)

ALSO
'DIGGER' MIXTURE 'DIGGER' CUT PLUG
'DIGGER' HONEYDEW 'DIGGER' SHAG
'DIGGER' BLACK CUT CAVENDISH

P.D.9.B

ISSUED BY THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO COMPANY (OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND), LTD

corns

removed—right from the roots —without any pain

"I have removed a most obstinate corn—right from the roots—without any pain, by soaking it for 25 minutes. I use a fair quantity of Radox, keep the water to a comfortable heat and then I can safely say any corn will soon come out. At the outside, two such treatments will do the trick. Radox affords immediate relief for the most obstinate corn or callous. I make this statement without any fear of contradiction—in fact, with corroboration, as I have in lots of cases suggested its use to lots of people for corns particularly. Radox is also invaluable to a tired, aching body."

7th April, 1932. *A. E. L. H., Bath.*

Radox supercharges the water of a foot-bath with a highly active oxygen gas. This oxygen penetrates the pores of the skin carrying with it a chemical salt which dissolves dead tissues. The hard tissues that hold the corn are thus softened. Deprived of its support, the corn projects so that after a few soakings it can be lifted out bodily—without a twinge—root and all. The life-giving oxygen leaves the feet clean and healthy.

1/6 Giant Package

NEW GIANT PACKAGES. In the two new **GIANT** packages: 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) at all chemists, Radox is more economical than ever.

DRINK HOT WATER EVERY MORNING

If people realised the power for good health that lies in the habit of drinking water there would be much less illness. As a common-sense health measure every man and woman ought to drink a glass of hot water each morning before breakfast, but if you are troubled with sick headaches, bad complexion, furred tongue or biliousness, or are subject to rheumatism, indigestion or constipation, you should stir in a teaspoonful of 'Limestone' Phosphate. Any chemist can supply you with a quarter-pound of 'Limestone' Phosphate for 2s., and this simple addition to your morning glass of hot water will wash away from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile, and poisonous toxins. This daily cleansing will keep your system free of uric acid and other impurities and will thus ensure physical and mental fitness.

SUMMIT RESULT

£300 Gift Judging Contest No. 9.

The popular vote resulted as follows:—

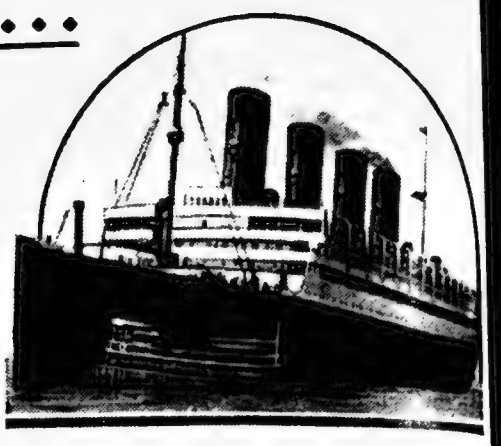
1st .. .. L.
2nd .. .. B.
3rd .. .. D.
4th .. .. F.
5th .. .. G.
6th .. .. A.
7th .. .. M.
8th .. .. E.
9th .. .. C.

19 competitors each sent in an entry containing the correct forecast, and share the prize of £300, each receiving £15 15s. 10d.:—

Austin, Irene, 305, Lyham Rd., London, S.W.2.
Ellis, J. C., 52, Prospect Terrace, Bethnal Green, E.2.
Gallant, E., 2, Wallace Rd., West Ham, E.15.
Gregory, A., Yeroen Lea, Harbour Place, Girvan, Ayrshire.
Hollingsworth, H. V., 25, Ribble Way, Firth Park, Sheffield.
Hogg, Miss E., C/o Tweedie, 95, George St., Glasgow, W.C.1.
Kilbey, S. W., 9, St. Cyprians St., Tooting, S.W.17.
Knight, Sydney M. P., 10, Bourne Lane, Reading.
Lee, J. E., Mount Sorrel, Doberons, Rd., Oldham.
Parker, E., "Ambleside," Bute Rd., Ealing, Hants.
Penn, C. A., 13, Totteridge Avenue, High Wycombe.
Powell, W. H., 36, Primrose Hill, Pendleton, Manchester.
Roberts, W. E., 151, Lilleshall Rd., Beccle, Liverpool.
Strettee, L., Rr. Church Pebbing, Nr. Stanford-le-Hope, Essex.
Thomas, Eric, 66, Northarden Rd., Sale, Manchester.
Thomas, H. A., 31, Broad St., Barry, Glam.
Tuffley, A., 84, Blackhorn Lane, Hammersmith, W.6.
Watts, Mrs. E., "Holly Lodge," Collier St., Marden, Kent.
Weeks, Mrs., 107, Horn Rd., Barkd. Heath, Erith, Kent.

That Great Hour made me . . .

THE CAPTAIN!



and what a thrill it was!

by Captain IRVING,

of the "Aquitania,"

who in this interview tells of his greatest hour

IF everybody's life were as happy as mine has been they'd not only like to live one hour of it over again, but every hour of it.

That makes the choice of any one hour very difficult for me. But let me think. . .

Yes, there's one hour I can call my greatest. That was on August 8 last year. It was all the more wonderful because it came as a tremendous surprise to me.

It was on that day that I received a letter from the Cunard Company appointing me captain of the great liner *Aquitania*—one of the most coveted posts in our Mercantile Marine.

At that moment I realised the ambition of a lifetime.

Life's ambition

I do not come from a seafaring family, but from an Army one. Nevertheless, since my earliest days I have loved the sea, and as a boy I was convinced that a life spent at sea was the only one for me.

Later, as a youth on the *Conway* training ship in the Mersey, I used to gaze with wondering and envious eyes at ships like the *Nutria* and the *Campania* when they were berthed in Liverpool Docks.

From that moment I was filled with a burning ambition to become the captain of a great liner.

There were, of course, many moments during the ensuing years in which I paused to wonder if that ambition would ever be realised. But it was the one object I set out to achieve, and whatever else came along that one desire remained uppermost in my mind.

I believe that to set out in life with a definite goal is the surest way of attaining it. It cuts out any element of uncertainty or hesitation over what one is aiming at.

Make up your mind what you want to be, and if you've the necessary will-power and work hard enough I believe that it is nearly always possible to achieve your ambition.

Ship o' dreams

My own success, in fact, came earlier than I had expected it would.

I had just returned from a world cruise on the *Franconia*, and was not expecting anything out of the ordinary to happen when I got the letter which proved to be such a milestone in my career.

It was a curious coincidence that of all the ships owned by the Cunard Company I should have been appointed to the *Aquitania*, for that ship has always been the apple of my eye. The mere sight of it has always thrilled me.

As a sailor I glory in its beautiful symmetrical lines — from a nautical point of view it is a perfect ship. From another I admire it as a luxurious floating hotel, truly palatial in its artistic decorations and ample amenities.

All this flashed through my mind as I read that welcome letter.

I remember how I read and re-read it. Strange that just a few typewritten words on a sheet of ordinary office paper, such as I had seen over and over again, could ever mean so much to a man!

Here was the realisation of a boy's dream, the reward of a man's work. What more could I wish for?

Then, over and above my own personal jubilation, there was the joy at having such splendid news to tell my wife. I counted the hours to seeing her. She would realise all that it meant to me.

I have, of course, had other wonderful and thrilling hours, all of which would be well worth living again.

Journey's end

One was, in fact, a sequel to that which I have described. It happened when I arrived in New York Harbour at the end of my first trip as captain of the *Aquitania*.

Never shall I forget the thrill I felt when the great ship was safely berthed nor the delight with which I read the messages of congratulation that were sent to me.

Not that it was a difficult crossing. Quite the reverse. The weather was glorious. There were no anxious moments, no bad weather and no tremendous seas.

And even if there had been there would have been nothing unusual in that. A sailor's life is largely one of battling with the elements, and years of experience make things that might otherwise appear alarming quite commonplace.

There is one hour I always want to live over again, and do. That comes every time I complete my trips. Then I return for a brief visit to my Scottish home just over the Border. Here is always awaiting me a warm welcome from the best woman in the world—my wife.

My two loves

For thirty years I have looked forward to our reunions, for I enjoy that great blessing—a happy married life. There is nothing like that to keep a man contented.

But I am twice blessed. For if I am in love with my home, I am equally in love with the sea. It is a grand life—full of wonderful hours for me. After thirty years of it I still like the life.

I often hear sailors say they will not be sorry when they retire. I never feel at all like that.

To me there is something clean and fine in battling with the elements. It brings out the best in human nature. It is a great life.

I doubt if there is any other calling that brings a man more wonderful hours than a sailor's does.

Anyhow, it has brought me many that I would gladly live again if I could. Above all, one which, as I have said, meant that my most cherished dream had come true and I had realised my greatest ambition.

Magnolia Street in Hollywood

Louis Golding, the man who wrote that epic novel "Magnolia Street," has written his reminiscences of Hollywood for the *Picturegoer Weekly*, now on sale.

The memoirs and incidents he relates are not the usual kind of Hollywood experiences, they are romething new, a reflection of the man himself and of the wonderful intellect which made his book world-famous.

Do not miss his story of the film capital and the folk he met there.

Next Week—

JACK HOBBS

will describe the hour he would like to live again

All of a SUDDEN...

"Avoid *immediately* any risk of dirt" DOCTORS SAY

No use buying a jar of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly *after* the accident has happened. You want to protect against infection *immediately*. Wash the bruise or cut carefully, then protect at once from air and dirt.

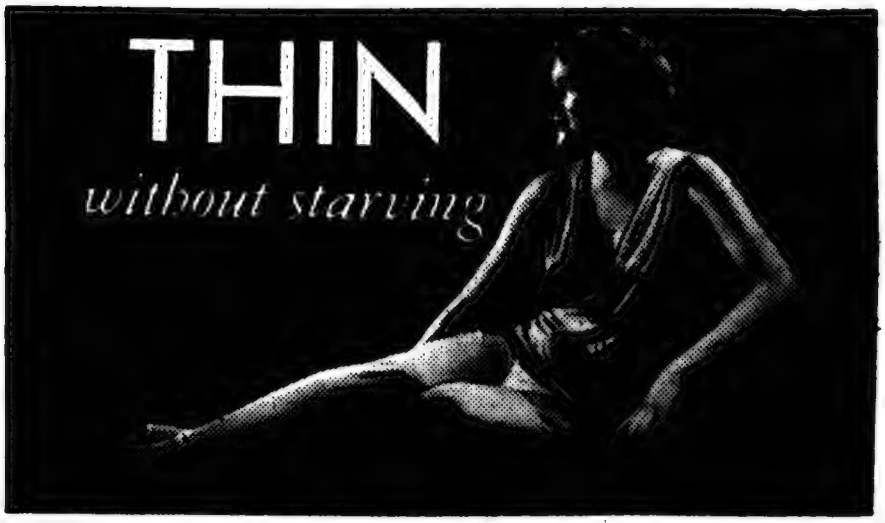
"Vaseline" Jelly is so valuable because it is the purest of all lubricants. It forms a perfectly pure, protective layer over the injury, keeping it healthy and letting it heal as quickly as possible.

No home should be without its jar of "Vaseline" Jelly; there are so many other things it is splendid for as well as accidents. For chapped hands; for baby; for sore, red noses... Keep a jar handy! Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Rd., Willesden, London, N.W.10.

● ***To make eyelashes silky, apply a little "Vaseline" Jelly with eyelash brush — leave on overnight***

Trade **Vaseline** Mark
Petroleum Jelly

6437



The Modern Way

● Do you know that multitudes of people, nowadays, lose excess fat without starving? Look about you—note how slenderness prevails. Everywhere you see the amazing results of this new way of treating obesity.

Modern science has discovered that a great cause of excess fat lies in a weakened gland. That gland secretion helps turn food to energy. When it is lacking, fat piles up and vim goes down.

Doctors, the world over, now feed that lacking factor to the over-fat. And the method has largely changed the world.

Marmola prescription tablets present this method in right form, at small cost. A famous medical laboratory prepares them for that purpose. People have used them for 24 years—millions of boxes of them. The slender figures which surround you now are due largely to the factors in Marmola. Modern doctors know that.

No secrets about Marmola. The complete formula appears in the booklet—tells you exactly why the weight drops and vim comes up.

Go try this method. All other ways are bound to fail if this gland cause is not corrected. Ask your slender friends who have used Marmola. Go do what they did—now.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all chemists at 3/- per box or sent post paid on receipt of price by the Marmola Co. (Dept. 83S), 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. Send this coupon or write for our latest book, a two-day sample free, and our guarantee.

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

MARMOLA COMPANY (Dept.83S), 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.
Please forward two-day sample of Marmola. Booklet and Guarantee Form—FREE.
Name.....
Address.....

Gives 365 PERFECT SHAVES FROM ONE BLADE

SHARPEX will end your shaving troubles. Ensures a year's service from any double-edge blade. Nothing to break or wear.

De Luxe Model 5/-
Standard Model 2/-

Pifco
SHARPEX
RAZOR-BLADE SHARPENER

Sold at all Boots BRANCHES

Also from TIMOTHY WHITE'S, Chemists; TAYLORS, CHEMISTS; SELFRIDGES, London; HARROD'S, London; BENTALL'S, Kingston; LEWIS'S of Manchester, Liverpool and Birmingham; POLYTECHNIC, Glasgow; and good-class Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

If any difficulty, write direct to PIFCO LTD., High St., Manchester.

The BLACKPOOL Symphony

All through the Summer the Blackpool Symphony is in full swing. The healthy tonic air from the open sea, the pleasures of the golden shore, the joys of the open air bath, the care-free happiness of the golf courses and sports park, the charm of the promenade and cliff walks, and the enjoyment of unequalled entertainments, All work in perfect harmony and ensure a holiday of a thousand delights. Come now!

A beautifully illustrated booklet, "THE BLACKPOOL HOLIDAY JOURNAL," will be mailed free of charge to all who write to A. S. Foster, Town Hall, Blackpool. Secure your copy now, and learn more about this wonder resort!

● TRAVEL BY LMS ●
EXPRESS SERVICES.. CHEAP FARES
Particulars from any L M S Station, Office or Agency.

The Good Companions

No other companionship is so refreshing as a good toothbrush and a tube of Euthymol Tooth Paste. Euthymol keeps the mouth as well as the teeth clean. Use it every night and every morning; its antiseptic powers keep decay germs at bay and its healthy tang keeps the mouth wonderfully fresh.

COUPON
Please send me a trial tube of Euthymol Tooth Paste.
Name.....
Address.....
.....
To Euthymol, (Dept. 67. A.), 50, Beak Street, London, W.1.

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE
KILLS DENTAL DECAY GERMS IN 30 SECONDS
Ask your chemist for a 1/3 tube or write for free sample tube.
BRITISH MADE.

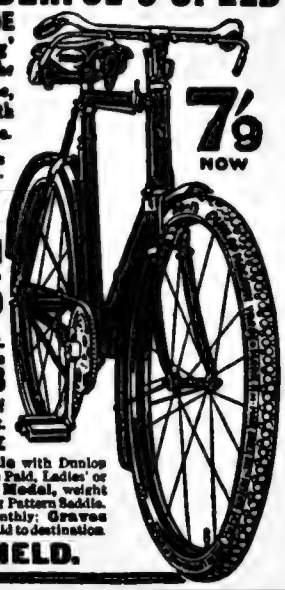
W.Coburn

£10.10.0 FOR £5.16.3

MOST WONDERFUL 3-SPEED OFFER EVER MADE

The Graves 'Speed King' 3-Speed Cycle beats the World for Quality & Value, & stands comparison with any 10-Guinea Machine.

All the practical and technical experience of 40 years high-class cycle-engineering is concentrated in this superb machine.



7/9 NOW

DUNLOP MAGNUM Roadster Tyres. Wired Edges.
STURMEY-ARCHER World's Best 3-Speed Gear.
HANS RENOLD World's First Quality Chain.
GRAVES PATTERN Chromium Plated Chain Wheel.
DUNLOP MAGNUM Conical Spring Waterproof Saddle
CHROMIUM PLATED Handlebars, Rims, Cranks, etc.

Any Machine can be supplied with Dropped Handlebars, if desired.
Pump, Tool Bag, Spanners, Oilcan, Brilliant Rear Light Reflector. Frame rustproofed, enamelled Black, Coach lined. (All Black if desired). Lady's or Gent's same price. Carriage Paid. Price £5.16.3

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THE "BIG TWO" SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

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What Animals do for US

IN the last few weeks something has happened to waken the country to the fact that the friendship between mankind and its animal friends is a one-sided affair in favour of humanity.

We had got into the way of thinking that our contribution to this friendship began and ended with putting milk in the saucer, a bone on the mat, oats in the nosebag.

Then it came as something of a shock to us to discover that the Royal Veterinary College—the Lister Institute of the animal world—was already falling down and was in imminent danger of closing.

This neglect of the institution where our veterinary surgeons are trained, new treatments discovered and sick animals made well was not intentional—it was due to a little thoughtlessness, that's all.

In this busy world people hadn't stopped to think how little we have been doing for our animal pals. And now that we realise it, we are finding out how much they have been doing for us.

AT Tottenham, for instance, whole streets of people want to pat on the back a little white-haired terrier that saved a small boy from drowning in the River Lea—and then, in the spirit of true heroism, ran home in his wet coat before the address on his collar could be read!

He caught hold of Horace Evans, aged ten, in the middle of the river and then tugged him to safety. A dog hero indeed! And nobody knows whose dog he is.

Then again we have been reading with greater interest than we would have shown a few weeks ago of how Peter, a four-months-old puppy, saved the lives of a family of three from a blazing bungalow at Thruxton Down, Andover.

True, his legs were too weak to carry the family from their beds, but the staccato barks with which he woke the household and the furious tugs he gave to the bed-clothes were nough to save all that mattered in his little world.

And only a few days before Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, himself a hero, had decorated a number of dogs, several of them maimed for life as a result of their heroism. He told of how one dog had effected rescues from a blazing tent, another kept a drowning girl afloat, another stopped a runaway horse.

These instances are typical examples of what our pets do for us.

Our 3,500,000 dogs who guard 3,500,000 British homes every night at the price of bones and biscuits are all ready to rise to bigger things should there be need.

The German G.P.O. trains Alsatians to protect the postmen who carry money-order mails. Although there is no such system in this country, there are thousands of country postmen who fear no danger in the lonely lanes of their districts while their four-footed friends walk at their sides.

Almost without exception the night-patrol policemen in the sparsest parts of the English countryside, too, are accompanied by their own dogs.

A Chief Constable once said that the equipment of these night-patrol police consisted of a bone and a truncheon—and that is quite true.

WE are only just beginning to learn how far we can use dogs as eyes for the blind. Experiments are going on in three different parts of England.

Nor did we ever fully test the friendship of our dogs until other countries taught us what remarkable things they will do for us. Germany, for instance, provided every soldier blinded in the war with a trained dog and an allowance for its maintenance.

In Italy they are finding out whether a dog can lead his blind master over 1,800 miles of prescribed route, and the last thing heard was that man and dog had covered 900 miles without mishap or losing their way.

In this country we are hoping that with the help of a new rigid horse-shoe lead the dog will be almost as useful to a blinded man as a new pair of eyes.

And how few people living in the cities are aware of what wonderful feats are carried out as part of their ordinary daily duties by the scores of thousands of sheep-dogs of the country.

Rounding up a far-flung flock of sheep, bringing bleating stragglers to the main fold, rescuing a terrified lamb marooned on a steep boulder—there are hundreds of things they are ready to do in obedience to a whistle.

Marine Bonzo is an example of how a dog can strike out in a line of his own. He actually carried out seafaring duties with H.M.S. *Barham* in the Mediterranean, and when promoted to Able-dog Bonzo, of H.M.S. *Valiant*, he was regarded as no mere mascot, but as a working member of the crew.

To-day he is Marine Bonzo, c/o Royal Marine Barracks, Portsmouth, where he is adapting himself to land conditions so well that he "can do pretty well anything except fire a rifle."

Then there is Marigold of Waterloo, a golden example of a wonderful type of animal—the dogs that collect on our railway stations for railway orphanages.

At the moment she is shaking her box at Waterloo on behalf of the Royal Veterinary College appeal—determined that the institution shall be saved somehow, despite the fact that it persists in saving the lives of cats!

Already she has collected many hundreds of pounds for charity.

There have been hundreds of Marigolds, of course, and hundreds of orphan children who have done well in later life owe more than they can ever repay to the little army of dogs you will now find, stuffed, in station showcases.

Then there are still dogs living that have had war careers. And horses, too.

Suzette, the army mare which started her war career at Mons in 1914 and had fought her way back to Mons on the day the Armistice was declared, is still browsing at Rise Park, East Yorkshire.

When one thinks of Suzette one thinks of the dyed horses of the Scots Greys galloping forward into a hell of shell-fire in 1917, and twenty such epics of the war, of wounded dogs still carrying their messages, and pigeons dying as their messages were read.

Yes, we have a lot to thank the animals for.

He may be a beggar, but he still manages to look dignified

Race with "Silver Ring"

SPOILS of ASCOT

WHEN one considers Ascot's glittering prizes, it is easily understood why Fred Darling and Joe Lawson, respectively the Beckhampton and Manton trainers, "ready" their horses for the Royal meeting.

The Gold Cup is worth round about £10,000; the Coronation Stakes, well over £9,000; the St. James' Palace Stakes, £8,000; the Hunt Cup, £6,000; the Hardwicke Stakes, £5,000.

The Queen Alexandra Stakes is our longest race, being run over 2 miles 6 furlongs and 85 yards. After Brown Jack's bold bid to give Lord Nugent nearly 3 st. at Epsom, I am tipping him to win this for the fourth successive year.

Roi de Paris should be noted for the Ascot Stakes.

For the two big sprint gambles, the Hunt Cup and the Wokingham Stakes, I am relying on the selections put up before the weights appeared—Venturer and Heronslea. I shall resort to the Code if revisions are necessary.

Willie Standring, for many years "Augur" of the *Sporting Life*, is now resident journalist for that paper at Newmarket. This popular racing writer sends advice from headquarters to the *Sporting Life* and its Weekly Edition.

The flat-racing season is yet young, but Willie Standring has pleased his followers with some good-priced winners.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, June 9, to Wednesday, June 15.

O A Q C 93 B 94 M P U X Z R 98 T F

S K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N 96 G

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

MKO96YW would read DASTUR.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

SWR94Z2 would read ORWELL.

You May Win

£15,000

for a 6d. entry in the "Daily Herald"

ANIMAL LOVERS CONTEST

Coupons in the "Daily Herald" every day

Men...DON'T PAY FANCY PRICES!

FIELD'S 3D LAVENDER BRILLIANTINE (SOLIDIFIED)
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WISE SAVING IS WISE SPENDING

In size and quality these Preparations are in every way equal to articles which you have been accustomed to purchasing at 1/- and 1/6. Our 300 year reputation guarantees that Field's Lavender Preparations are pure in quality and prepared under hygienic conditions.

On sale at Chemists, Stores and Woolworth's.

FOR BIG VALUES—FIELD'S LAVENDER

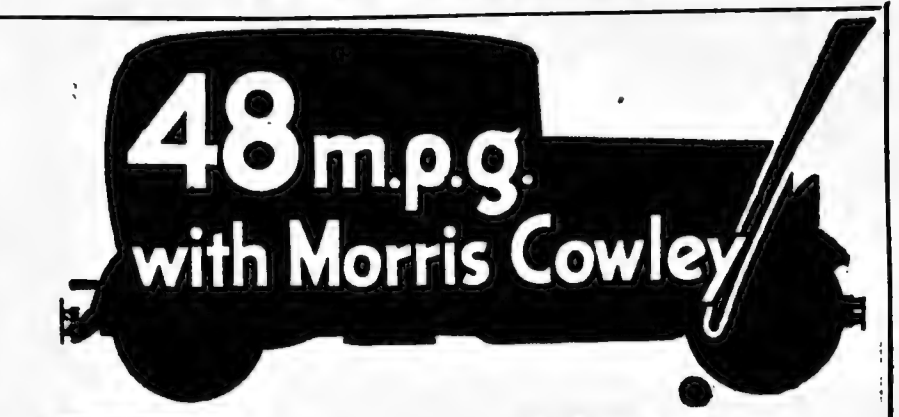
J. C. & J. FIELD, LTD., LONDON, S.E.1. Est. 1642, in the Reign of Charles I.

A £5,000 Complexion

An Amazing New Idea In Face Powder

Scientific research has now revealed a simple easy way to make face powder stay on all day. This marvellous discovery will enable any woman to keep her complexion fresh and lovely—with not the slightest trace of shine—all through a whole evening when dancing in the hottest ballroom. The ingredient which makes this amazing difference is called mousse of cream, and the patent rights to its use have been acquired at enormous expense by Tokalon. Thus, Poudre Tokalon is the only genuine Mousse of Cream Face Powder. It gives a perfect complexion that is not affected by the worst windy or rainy weather. Every beauty prize winner for several years has used this particular kind of powder. Senorita Yolanda Pereira, Miss Universe 1930, declares: "This simple complexion secret enabled me to win £5,000 and helped make me Beauty Queen of the World." Only 1/- a box.

48 m.p.g. with Morris Cowley



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"A customer who bought a Duo-Vaporator told me that since fitting this attachment he is getting 48 miles to the gallon with his 1927 Morris Cowley—an increase of 15 miles per gallon."

James Macdonald, Achnavast, Westfield, Thurso, Caithness, Scotland.

With a threatened increase in the price of petrol, now, more than ever, is the time to fit this proved device which definitely cuts down motoring costs. The Duo-Vaporator is a simple, yet remarkably effective, vaporisor which acts in two ways simultaneously with ONE object—**COMPLETE COMBUSTION THROUGH EFFICIENT VAPORISATION.** The result is maximum mileage—power—engine efficiency—instant starting—worry and expense saved. Look at these amazing mileages under ordinary running conditions—all written declarations from enthusiastic users. **Interested? Of course you are! Then take advantage of our limited offer (ending July 11) to distribute 1,500 Duo-Vaporators to readers of this paper (the cost to be charged to advertising).**

1500 DUO-VAPORATORS TO BE DISTRIBUTED

Easily fitted with a Spanner

No drilling, tapping or cutting. A job you can do yourself. The Duo-Vaporator has no revolving parts to cause friction or wear. IT IS THE MIXTURE THAT REVOLVES, NOT THE DUO-VAPORATOR. The result is complete combustion through efficient vaporisation. Guaranteed for 5 years. More than 100,000 in use. **No further proof is required when it is stated that the Duo-Vaporator is the only device of this character that has stood the test of time over a number of years.** Tear out this announcement, print your name and address in the margin and post to-day for details of special offer. It commits you to nothing. (If you care to enclose a 1½d. stamp to cover the cost of postage of these details, you may do so, but this is entirely optional.)

The whirling, swirling turbulence created by the Duo-Vaporator thoroughly mixes the petrol and air, and converts it into highly explosive power-making vapour resulting in greater efficiency and economy.

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J.B. 11/6/32

CORNS

Relief beyond belief!

READ THIS UNSOLICITED LETTER

80, Bristol Street, Newport, Mon.

Sirs.—For years I have suffered with a nasty corn under the big toe. After using Reudel Bath Saltrates the corn came right out. I enclose the corn and you are welcome to it (if it is any use to you), as I am more than pleased to get rid of it.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) E. S. DURANT.

Just ten minutes of your time and a packet of triple-oxygenated **'Reudel Bath Saltrates'**. That is all you need. Dissolve a little in a basin of hot water; rest the feet in it and you will be delighted to feel the instant effects of this *medicated* and *triple-oxygenated* water. Two or three foot-baths and that's the end of your corn torture. Costs you nothing to try. Use the whole packet and if you are not thoroughly satisfied with the results your money will be refunded immediately and without question.

Packet Enlarged

NEW SIZE increased 25% from ½ lb. to 10 ozs.

PRICE Still Only 1/6.

REUDEL Pronounced 'ROO-DEL' **BATH SALTRATES**

HOW TRIPLE-OXYGENATED
Of all chemists.

more hands WANTED

to save money by rolling their owners' own cigarettes. Choose the 'baccy you like best, use AG papers, and your smokes cost far less and give more satisfaction. If you have a machine for rolling — any gadget of any kind — use AG just the same to be sure of best results.

It's the AG packet
that stands the racket.

AG

CIGARETTE PAPERS

The Paper of Perfect Purity

Our Letter Parliament

THE LIE I Never Forgave

IT was on a poster. It showed a widespreading cornfield basking in the sun, and the poster said that all this might be mine. My little farm, like all English farms, was just hard work and trouble, but it was a living. I emigrated.

I put in four years, with my wife and a man to help, working all the hours of daylight, with hardships almost unendurable. At the end my wife died and I returned to the Old Country, my capital gone, my spirit broken, to start life afresh.

But for that poster I would to-day have been a fairly prosperous small farmer in Sussex, contented and happy.—*Ex-Emigrant, Edgware.*

Treachery

We were pals of the same occupation, though I held much the higher position in our profession. Then came the war.

Within a month my pal informed me that he had enlisted, and he pleaded with me to join up to keep him company.

It was a treacherous lie. The morning I left to join the battalion found him making a successful application for the post I'd just vacated.—*N. G., Edinburgh.*

Worried Find

I was eight. Holiday time arrived. My little school pal and myself trudged joyously along, not a halfpenny between us.

Suddenly, I saw a dark object on the footpath. It was a purse, and, bursting with excitement, I discovered 5½d.

We continued along—planning, planning, planning. A poor old woman stopped us, and asked if we had found a purse. I replied, "No."

I never forgave myself for that lie, because the truth might have so easily saved the poor creature days of starvation and myself years of worry.—*James Moran, Dublin.*

Money to the Dead

Having no prospects here, I sailed for Canada. I never forgot my invalid mother staying with my married sister, sending her money for her maintenance.

When, a year after I left, mother ceased to write, my sister explained that the paralysis from which my mother suffered had spread to her arms, and I even increased her allowance.

Judge of my horror when, taking my first respite for three and a half years, I paid a surprise visit home, and discovered that mother had been dead two years.—*Mac, Glasgow.*

Ashamed of Mother

Passing a shabby but dear old woman who, on seeing my boy friend, smiled and said, "Hallo, Jack!" he mumbled something and hurried on. Casually I said, "Who's that?' He replied, "Only our old charwoman."

Later, walking with a girl friend, I saw the same old woman, who, seeing me, looked embarrassed. Asking my friend if she knew her, she answered, "Yes; it's Jack's mother."

And to think he had been ashamed to own her! This was an unforgivable lie. —*S. Smith, Hendon.*

Not Pally

Boys together, we served our apprenticeship together, and were sacked together. We tramped the roads and shared our last crust.

Then we secured work in different areas. He rose to be foreman and finally manager.

Out of work five or six years ago, I appealed to him for a job. "Full up!" he almost snapped. But he started men who followed me into the office.

What a pal! Could anyone forgive a lie like that?—*Nomad, Durham.*

Sob Stuff

One day a woman with a small child, came begging, telling a pitiful tale.

Giving her a little help, I asked her to let me know where she lived, and I would send along some little oddments for the child.

When my husband called at the address given, she was not known.

The lie has made me rather uncharitable to, perhaps, needy cases. Still, I feel I can never forgive her.—*D. Gill, Somerset.*

"Hush!" An eloquent study in silence by Dennis Neilson-Terry

Silent Lie

TIME after time I had helped my brother out of his difficulties. He was constantly in trouble.

Then when I had an opportunity of getting a job in a distant town, I accepted with alacrity, and took care to keep my plans a secret from my brother.

It was two years later that I recognised him in a café. He looked haggard and utterly miserable. With him was a mutual friend, who, suddenly looking up, gave me a surprised smile of recognition.

Startled, I frowned fiercely and shook my head, then hastily bent over my plate.

I had conveyed my meaning—the friend said nothing and I was able to leave without being confronted by my brother.

A fortnight later they found his body in the river. And that silent lie will sear my soul until I die.—M. B., Newcastle.

Scandal's Hotbed

The average country village, with its narrow, restricted life, is a hotbed of scandal.

One drove me away with a cruel lie in my young womanhood, when I went away for a month to nurse a sister in confinement. She died but baby lived, and my mother adopted it.

Then the lie began to spread that I was the real mother, having gone away temporarily to get "my trouble" over.

The lie was traced to a jealous neighbour; but it was too cruel to forgive. I left the village in disgust.—"*Gossip,*" *Manchester.*

Broken Thread

Five years ago, a life-long friend, who held a high position in a cotton company, told me that his firm was enjoying unprecedented prosperity, and the time was most opportune to make an investment.

Acting on such advice, I invested £300 in the concern, practically all I possessed.

The annual report showed what an abominable lie he had told me. No dividend was declared, and the shares quickly slumped to the value of a few coppers each. I lost £280 of my hard-earned savings.—*W. D., Congleton.*

Tainted Tanner

During the War, I received allotment-papers entitling me to sixpence a day as I was the mother of his child.

I was disgusted that a friend could stoop so low as to tell such a lie about a decent girl to gain a paltry sum. I sent the paper back, and wrote him a letter which finished our friendship.

My clear conscience meant more to me than money gained by false pretences. It paid me later in finding a better man, my hubby.—*Mrs. C. H. T., Warrington.*

Wreath for Living

While still in my 'teens, I became the pen-friend of an extremely nice American girl.

Eventually the girl asked me to leave my business in England and join her in the States. I realised then that I did not care for her.

In a disguised hand, I wrote telling her that "he" had been killed in a motoring accident.

When, a few months later, a London florist delivered a magnificent wreath that had been ordered from America, to be placed on "my" grave, the feeling of shame and remorse was too great to describe.—*F., Essex.*

Malicious

After a long spell of unemployment I secured a berth in a London store. On the second day I was serving that type of customer every assistant dreads—the woman who turns a department upside down and leaves without a purchase.

The more trouble I took the more capricious she became. Presently the manager approached. "Was madam receiving proper attention?" "No," she replied, "the assistant is making everything a trouble; I shall transfer my custom elsewhere."

That malicious lie cost me my job and resulted in the selling-up of my home.—*Counter-Jumper, N. London.*

* * *

That war was glorious, and that to transfix one's fellow-man through the throat with a bayonet or to disembowel him with high explosive had the approval of the Lord.—*F. E. H., Herts.*

I told a good man that I did not love him. He was proud and so was I. I was given no second opportunity, and we parted. That is the lie I can never forgive.—*Lonely, Middlesex.*

There was once "a scrap of paper" with a promise to Belgium on it. When war broke out the promise was broken and became the foulest lie, involving my countrymen and the Colonies in a hellish conflict.—*A. H., Bath.*

My husband told me when we were courting that he got £3 10s. per week when he got only 25s.—*Struggler, Shire Green.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, June 14.

Mother's Best Advice to Me.

SEVEN PRESCRIPTIONS
that will save you many a Doctor's bill

No. 1077

INDIGESTION ACIDITY, FLATULENCE GASTRITIS

and Stomach Pains After Eating

DISAPPEAR LIKE MAGIC.

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by the SHADFORTH ACIDITY PRESCRIPTION No. 1077.

Popularly known as "White Lions," dispensed after the successful formula used in hospitals and clinics by prominent physicians. This prescription is non-purgative. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long, sour face replaced by such broad sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change.

Price 1/4 (72 Lions), 2/6 (144 Lions), 7/- (432 Lions), with Directions.

FREE!

WITH EVERY ORDER

and for a limited period only,

Mr. Shadforth's Book "The Wealth of Health,"

Published at 2/6.

Containing 330 pages packed with valuable medical information and hundreds of prescriptions written in plain English.

A Book everyone ought to possess.

These medicines may be obtained direct from us or from any chemist. If purchasing from chemist send receipt for medicines together with this coupon, and the book will be forwarded post free by return.

Book No. A.9

"John Bull," *June 11th*, 1932

No. 470

NEURASTHENIA & NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

Absent-Mindedness, Loss of Memory. Debility, Depression, Lassitude.

You can pull through. Depression, Brain Fag, Loss of Memory, Debility and Neurasthenia are conditions and not diseases. "BRAIN SPARKLERS," the SHADFORTH NEURASTHENIA PRESCRIPTION (No. 470) act like magic.

They make work a pleasure, revive your interest in life, cure mental depression and relieve strain on the brain. You are brighter in an hour and a new man or woman in two days. A proved remedy.

Prices: 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100), and 17/- (300 tablets).

THIS CAN BE TAKEN ALTERNATELY WITH THE HEART TONIC No. 632. That is, take No. 470 for a few days and then No. 632 for a few days, and so on. (See below).

No. 263

SCIATICA NEURITIS

Painful Nerve-sheath Inflammation.

All nerve pains, including those of Neuralgia, Colds, Influenza, Headache, Sciatic-Neuritis, etc., are promptly relieved by **"Shadspro Compound," the new pain-killer (No. 263).** This formula is non-purgative and does not upset the stomach. It quickly relieves pain and renders movement possible. It reduces inflammation and temperature, and kills bacteria.

Prices: 2/- (50), 3/6 (100 tablets.)

No. 74/T

GOUT RHEUMATISM

Swollen Joints and Uric Acid Troubles.

Uric Acid Troubles, Muscular Pains, Backache or Lumbago, Stiff-neck, Rheumatoid Arthritis, etc., are quickly relieved by **the Shadforth Triplex Treatment No. 74/T.** It relieves tension, eliminates uric acid, reduces inflammation, drives out bacteria, kills pain and stimulates liver and kidney and skin to normal action. A proved remedy.

Price: 2/6 and 5/6. With directions.

No. 632

SPECIAL HEART & NERVE TONIC

Prescription that always brings relief.

Don't be alarmed because you suffer from palpitation or pain near the heart. If it isn't indigestion, it is overstrung nerves. **Shadforth Tonic (No. 632)** known as "Blue Lion" (Fox Nuts) will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up the stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. Prices: 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 13/- (432 pills). This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, heart failure, run-down condition, and stops your falling-to-pieces feeling.

No. 331/T

CATARRH, COLDS, INFLUENZA

Cold in the Nose. Offensive Nasal Discharge.

Catarrh is often the first stage of Influenza, Bronchitis, Cold on the Chest, Pneumonia, Throat, Ear, and Lung Trouble. **The Shadforth Triplex Catarrh Treatment (No. 331/T)** acts like a charm. The price for this Course of Treatment is **2/9**, and considering its efficacy and how often it will save a man being off work for days and weeks, the cost of this world-famed and reliable remedy is very small in comparison. Larger sizes **4/6** and **8/6.**

No. 1063

THE YOUNG FOLKS' TONIC

Neverill—Vitamin—Sunshine.

This is a scientific substitute for sunshine which doctors prescribe for anæmia, St. Vitus' Dance, weakness, malnutrition, rickets and threatened tuberculosis.

This prescription contains Vitamins (chlorophyll, yeast, bone marrow, etc.) and provides just that addition to diet which makes all the difference between health and disease. The chlorophyll (termed "bottled sunshine") makes red blood corpuscles.

Prescription 1063.

Prices: 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

THE ABOVE ARE FAMOUS REMEDIES YOU SHOULD ALWAYS KEEP IN YOUR MEDICINE CHEST.

Below are further examples of approved domestic remedies as supplied by the Shadforth Prescription Service. Order by the number, at prices indicated.

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS

Liver, Kidney and Bladder Troubles such as Cystitis, Prostatitis, Stricture, Incontinence, Constipation, Gall Stones with associated Gout, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Backache, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of the **Shadforth "Bladder Comforter."** Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. You are restored. Don't worry, Shadforth will give you prompt relief. Prices: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300).

WOMAN'S MIDDLE LIFE TONIC

Just the thing to get you through those difficult years and re-establish your health. A gentle tonic for stomach, heart, nerves and blood—exactly what your doctor gives you. Does not purge or constipate. Improves appetite and complexion. Removes depression and languor. Gives courage, hope, and a new lease of life. Also the best tonic for anæmic girls and nursing or expectant mothers. Ask for **Shadforth Prescription No. 2,467**—the critical time tonic. In boxes at 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), and 13/- (432 pills).

LIVER TROUBLES

CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE.

Periodical bilious attacks, constipation, sick headache and bowel indigestion indicate a sluggish liver, and for this nothing equals this pill. Take it with each meal and you will soon be better. This is a useful formula to keep in the house for family use. Get it now, and prove its worth. It is known as **Shadforth Prescription (No. 2,000).** Prices: 1/3 (100), 3/- (300 pills).

Shadforth Prescriptions Relieve Suffering, Promote Health and Save You Money.

Read this amazing testimony endorsed by well-known Cash Chemists—an experience of

MR. WILLIAM SHADFORTH,

best known of all dispensing Chemists, the founder of the Shadforth Prescription Service that is famous all over the civilised world.

One night recently I was awakened by my little son calling from the next room, "Daddy, the telephone is ringing! Daddy, the telephone is ringing!"

I tried to believe it was a wrong call, but as the thing kept ringing I had to get up and answer.

"Hello! Who are you?"

"I am a chemist in Piccadilly. I have just had a telephone message from Manchester and must send, by the midnight train, a box of your prescription No. 300 (Cardiac Dropsy)."

"But it's too late. Besides, this is my private address. I don't keep them here. You can get them from one of our branches where the manager lives on the premises," I replied.

I then gave him the names of such branches. The next morning at breakfast, the telephone rang again.

"I got that all right last night at your Becontree Branch. I arrived there in a taxi just before 12 and was back to Euston with one minute to spare (12.29). The prescription arrived in Manchester before daybreak."

Now that's what I call "Service." Thirty-odd miles at midnight through storm and rain—to serve a poor sufferer with a 2s. 6d. box of pills.

There is no bogey about Shadforth Prescriptions—they are the world's best. Chemists get them promptly.

On this page are particulars of Shadforth Prescriptions most in demand at this season of the year.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

CAUSES ARTERIO-SCLEROSIS AND STRAINS THE HEART.

Blood Pressure Breakdowns are absolutely unnecessary, and Arterio-Sclerosis is curable. Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. **Get it now (Prescription No. 1,103/T.)** Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6.

COMPLEXION TROUBLES

THE SHADFORTH BEAUTY COURSE FOR THE GIRL OF MODERATE MEANS.

Comprises a special medicated Sulphur Soap, a Complexion Tonic Lotion for use after washing and the "Shadforth" Complexion Tonic Prescription in tablet form.

This constitutes the world's best triplex beauty treatment, and is supplied with full directions. It removes Acne, or Blackheads, Pimples, Redness, Blemishes, and Sallow Complexion. The Beauty Parlour price of similar treatment runs from 2 to 5 guineas. Ask for **Shadforth Beauty Course (No. 442/T).** Prices 3/9 and 6/-.

SLEEPLESSNESS

The Shadforth Complete Treatment for Sleeplessness comprises:

(i) The use of Shadforth Hop Pillow, No. S.129. Sold at **10/6.**

(ii) The taking of one or two Hop Extract Compound Pills two hours before bed-time. Prescription No. 32 at **2/6** and **4/6.**

(iii) A cup of Shadforth "Neverill" Nerve Cocoa as a night cap at bed-time. Prescription No. 39c at **1/6** and **4/6.**

You can obtain these prescriptions privately packed, post free, by return post at the prices named (abroad extra), from

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, LIMITED,

Dept. (J.B. 22), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4

Branches: 409, Barking Road, East Ham, E.6; 168, High Street, Walthamstow, E.17; 63, Grove Road, Bow, E.3. &c., &c.

Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's, Lewis and Burrows, and all the best chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order at a few days' notice if requested to do so.

In case of difficulty you can always obtain by return post from Shadforth's.

STOMACH ULCERS END QUICKLY.

All over the country sufferers from Stomach Ulcers are getting relief from their agony with what doctors call the Maclean formula, the cure for digestive ailments now used in the clinics of London's leading hospitals.

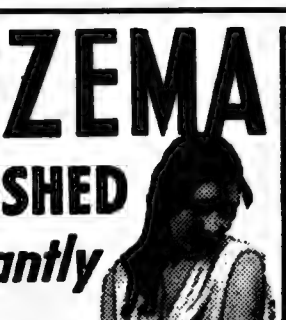
This Maclean formula has been proved by the hospitals to bring rapid relief and permanent cure in case after case of Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Wind, Flatulence, and even Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers.

And now you can get the Maclean formula ready packed for your own personal use. Now the priceless benefits of this great discovery are available to end the pain and discomfort which have ruined your life.

All you have to do is to go to any chemist and get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Ask for it by that exact name because then you are certain it is the exact formula which the Doctors and Hospitals have proved, and look for the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN."

If your chemist is out of stock, send 2s. direct to Macleans, Ltd., Park Royal, London, N.W.10. Special Note: Maclean Brand Powder is not sold loose and is only obtainable in 2s. and 1/3 cartons, the former containing double the quantity, and family size 5/-. Also packed in tablet form for convenience in travelling, etc.

ECZEMA BANISHED -instantly



The treatment recommended when everything else has failed . .

EXENE OINTMENT

For the more severe and persistent cases of

ECZEMA and PSORIASIS

EXENE Ointment is used by the leading doctors and skin disease specialists as the quickest and most efficient way to permanent relief from Eczema (wet or dry), Psoriasis, and similar skin diseases. For some time past it has been prescribed by practitioners and in large hospitals and clinics and is now offered to the public in a convenient form, ready for use.

EXENE Ointment stops the terrible irritation in a matter of moments. It is specially compounded to work in the only way recognised by skin disease specialists as being *permanently* effective—that is, to get right into the pores and kill the eczematous germs. That is why EXENE Ointment is *different*—why it is specially recommended for the most obstinate, long-standing cases. It has frequently brought relief when everything else has failed, and users are agreeably surprised at the rapidity with which new, healthy skin grows again on the affected parts.

Sold by all leading Chemists, including Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's, etc., in attractive opal jars, at 2/6. If you have any difficulty, a jar will be sent post free for 3/6, by the sole makers—

H. and M. PRODUCTS, 15-17, Cookridge Street, LEEDS.

Lightning strikes through wireless aerials. Make your home safe!

No need to switch off. Listen through the worst of storms. Fix a 'Gard' between Aerial and Earth lead-in. Does not affect reception, but provides constant and absolute protection at all times against lightning and static interference. From all Radio Dealers or Post Free from GRAHAM FARISH, LTD., 104, MASONS HILL, BROMLEY, KENT.

POST FREE 1/6

GARD

Patent Applied For

OVER THIRTY THOUSAND POUNDS!
Help "John Bull" to add to this colossal 1932 total of must-be-won X-word Prizes! Win a £3 A Week Life Pension, or £1,250 cash, for solving the amusing problem below!
£3 A WEEK FOR LIFE
£50 EXTRA FOR RUNNERS-UP
or £1,250 Cash
THIS LATTER AWARD WILL BE PAID IF PRIZE BE DIVIDED

"JOHN BULL" will pay £3 a week for life or £1,250 cash for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 23rd, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 30th.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. / ; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, June 16th.

2.—No competitor may submit more than two Double Entry Forms (four squares.) Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or misaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 30th, 1932. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, July 12th, 1932, in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such Scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £50 to be divided between the runners up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared £1,250 cash will be paid instead of dividing pension.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

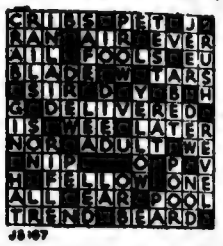
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

ENTRY FEE.

With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE
With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING } See Rule 1.

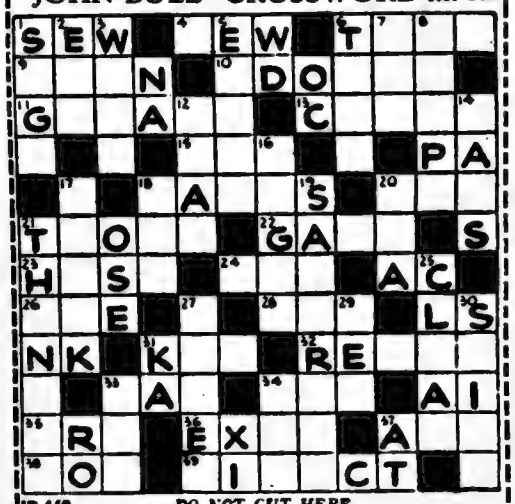
Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 167



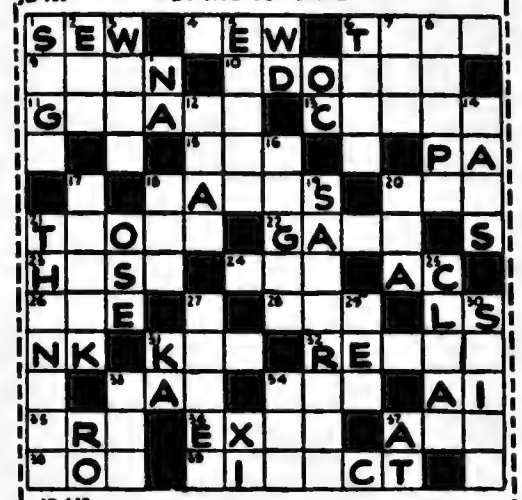
JB 167

Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 167 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 169



JB 169 DO NOT CUT HERE.



JB 169

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No..... P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Closing Thursday (noon), June 16.

FIVE ENTRANTS WIN £250 EACH.

See No. 166 Result on Page 36.

CLUES ACROSS.

1. Stitch.
4. Denotes freshness.
6. Is often set with food.
9. Common metal.
10. Loved intensely.
11. Moaning sounds.
13. This is made from apples.
15. Long fish.
18. Dates often seen in these.
20. Where pig lives.
21. Delicious fresh-water fish.
22. Frequent cause of accidents.
23. One who entertains guests.
24. Is rarely left in sinking ship.
26. What you skate on.
28. Pull.
31. Each man looks after his own.
32. Oppose
33. Motor.
34. Was seated
35. An age.
36. Way out.
37. Part of a circle.
38. Decay.
39. Point the way.

CLUES DOWN.

1. Workless draw dole and do this.
2. Make a slip.
3. Knots in it cause trouble.
5. Frees from pain.
6. People join together for.
7. Bright colour.
8. Skilful.
12. Tidy.
14. Beams of light.
16. Lawful.
17. Gladly discarded for new model.
18. A man's often this when he's down.
19. Soak to capacity.
20. The briny.
21. What modern woman is becoming.
25. Describes some soups.
27. Keen worker is seldom.
29. Obtain.
30. Often describes golfer's stroke.
33. Catches mice.
34. Way you address employer.

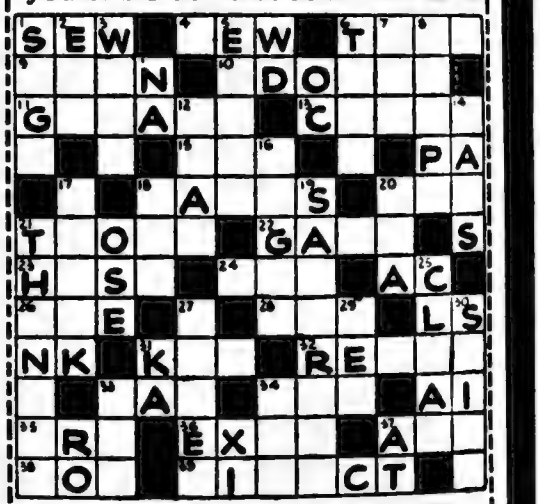
NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.—A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

THIS CONTEST CLOSES Noon, Thursday, June 16

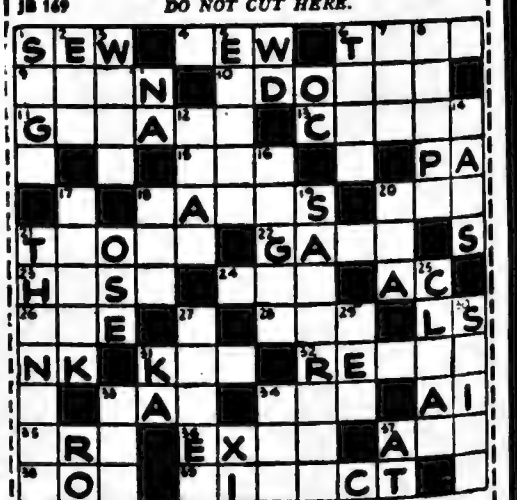
"If I were on the B.B.C.—"

Well, what would you do? Add a neat rhyming line and enter it in the big new "Couplets" contest launched in to-morrow's "Passing Show." £150 cash must be won every week!

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 169



JB 169 DO NOT CUT HERE.



JB 169

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Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Don't omit your Name and Address.

If entering two double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to each.

ADDRESS ENTRY "John Bull" Crosswords No. 169, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ANOTHER HUGE X-WORD PRIZE NEXT WEEK

The Editor LAUGHS Last

James (Clacton).—"Can you picture what I look like in my new yachting rig-out?" No, but our artist apparently can.

IF you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. "John Bull" does the rest. Write to-day!

The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are purely for your entertainment.

D. M. (Boston).—"I felt better after I had written the enclosed." So did we before we read it.

E. N. (Nuneaton).—"I got a gold-mounted walking-stick for a mere song." Did you find out who threw it?

F. M. (Hitchin).—"I would like to know your opinion of the enclosed; but let your answer be brief." Brief.

F. W. (Bude).—"I often go out into the garden and sing to the birds." We use an old bowler hat as a scarecrow.

E. T. (York).—"I tried to be my natural self at the party." Didn't you want them to invite you again?

H. F. (Yeovil).—"We have got our piano on the hire system." Five bob down and a pound every night?

H. J. (Stepney).—"And I actually got the right number first time." All the wrong ones must have been engaged.

D. W. (Cleethorpes).—"I think the talkies have come to stay." Many people wish they would stop.

NELLY (Wandsworth).—"I intend to keep my youth." So you won't introduce him to anyone else.

K. O. (Clapham).—"What is the best cure for a stiff neck?" Buying your own paper to read in the train.

B. M. (Markyate).—"I heard a hollow booming sound." Did someone tap you on your head?

G. B. (Barnet).—"In the days of duelling the settlement of an argument took about five minutes." And two seconds.

G. M. (Camberwell).—"Does it pay to tell the truth?" Why not make the experiment?

B. A. (Chelsea).—"I have nothing but admiration for my tailor." Evidently he didn't know it soon enough.

T. R. (Princetown).—"Time may be a great healer, but . . ." You don't like prison diet?

J. G. (Dundee).—"My son is always day - dreaming. What shall I do with him?" Make him a night-watchman.

TAILOR (London, E.C.).—"I'm offering cricket flannels at 7s. 6d., guaranteed to wear well for a few days only." Well, that's frank enough.

JAMES (Newmarket).—"I wouldn't marry a woman who would spend all my money on clothes." What! You're not going to stay single all your life, are you?

G. K. S. (Crouch End).—"It costs about £13 to learn to fly, including tuition fees." Far-seeing slate club secretaries are seriously considering the idea.

D. M. (Bath).—"Why do some wealthy men put on their oldest clothes when they go to the income-tax office?" It's just a shabby trick.

G. N. (Birmingham).—"I was knocked down by a man who was driving his car backwards." What, did he miss you the first time?

R. W. (Croydon).—"An authority estimates that 25,000 different popular songs are turned out every year." Anyhow, they have different names.

G. L. (Manchester).—"My girl says she loves me from the bottom of her heart." That probably leaves plenty of room for another fellow on top.

F. R. (Streatham).—"For the last three months my dinners have cost me nothing." You must be making hosts of friends.

F. S. (Clacton).—"While playing cricket yesterday, I knocked the ball clean out of the ground three times in succession." Were you not afraid of breaking your neighbours' windows?

J. J. (Hackney).—"My barber is charging less for a shave now." Cut prices?

A. V. (Shorncliffe).—"I believe in early closing." Well—shut up, then.

G. K. (Glasgow).—"Whisky will be cheaper." Say when!

AUTHOR (Chelsea).—"When I am dead and gone, the whole world will know my work." But you will be safe then.

R. W. (Glasgow).—"Some people always make you feel at home." And others make you wish you were.

T. H. (Woking).—"I have put all I know into this humorous article." We fail to see anything in it.

S. W. (Audlem).—"Which is the best way to serve up passion-fruit?" Hot, with wisps of hysteria.

J. F. (Bebington).—"Does the modern girl ever blush?" Oh, yes! but she mostly puts it on.

T. G. (Newcastle).—"In my opinion, men are too fond of clubs." And in our opinion, women are too fond of diamonds.

F. M. (Lewes).—"No doubt you will be surprised to hear that I picked some ripe strawberries in my garden this morning, and ate them." Not a bit—we should have done the same thing

G. K. (Highgate).—"A man dashed into a neighbour's house which was on fire, and rescued the wireless set." A group of indignant neighbours hissed him heartily.

F. D. (Dover).—"A German scientist claims to have invented a method of obtaining gold from sand." It is only fair to point out, however, that our grocer thought of it first.

G. M. (Clacton).—"What spells success in dress?" £ s. d.

T. L. (Leith).—"I have not eaten any breakfast for three years." Our bills nearly always arrive by the first post, too.

R. G. (Brixton).—"Every picture tells a story." Apparently they have never heard of this proverb in Hollywood.

S. C. (Tamworth).—"It takes a lot to put me out." Well, you will find that there is a lot of our commissionaire.

DORIS (Ely).—"He told me I had a [illegible] face." Perhaps he meant it ought to be screened in public?

R. M. (Grimsby).—"Who will deny that shopkeepers often overcharge their customers?" Shopkeepers.

MONA (Bagshot).—"How is it that for every juvenile girl prisoner there are sixteen boys?" Feminine cleverness.

T. N. (Daventry).—"Who give names to the new telephone exchanges?" Irate subscribers, usually.

D. J. (London).—"My uncle is a wealthy man. He has sixty-five horses." Roundabouts?

T. S. (Dundee).—"According to statistics. 90 per cent. of our qualified accountants are in employment." The rest don't count.

S. H. (Liverpool).—"For the last time, will you give me a job on your staff?" What on earth do you mean? We didn't give you one the first time.

H. G. (Ely).—"Sir, poets are born; so don't treat with scorn this Ode to the Morn." It made us forlorn; so up now it's torn.

EVA (Bridgnorth).—"I started bathing before all the men in the district this year." Was it necessary to have such a large audience?

HILDA (Baldock).—"I made a fancy dress out of pages taken out of JOHN BULL, and was awarded first prize." The judges realised that you were wrapped up in our weekly.

L. M. (Esher).—"A 'Be Kind to Insects' campaign has been launched in America." In this country, however, husbands will continue to be harnessed to garden-rollers on Saturday afternoons.

S. K. (Dunoon).—"A new romantic novelist is described by his publishers as being a master of flowery, imaginative prose." We understand that he is the author of a very thrilling seed catalogue.

P. G. C. (Willesden).—"I've just been filling up my income-tax forms, and it looks like Brixton for me pretty soon.' Well, fill up two of the coupons on page 35, and a £600 cheque with £200 Bonus may take you to Brighton instead

L. W. (Salford).—"Dancing is now said to be a cure for some kinds of pain." But it doesn't really relieve the agonising pangs in a thumb heartily smacked with a hammer.

H. K. (London, S.).—"In Hungary, rubber horseshoes are used." If this becomes universal, the sound effects man at the theatre who does the cloppity-clop noise to announce the approach of the hero's steed will be out of a job.

R. M. (Manchester).—"Should a business man who has married for the second time make the fact known to his customers?" Well, he could state that he was now under entirely new management.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

FREE to sufferers from

Hæmorrhoids

If you are a victim of painful pile trouble you are asked to test Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy free of cost. This is no ordinary ointment, but a special preparation solely for those with pile trouble. Imagine the joy of being rid for ever of your nerve-destroying irritation, your constant pain. When you have used your free test supply, ask your chemist for a 3/- supply of Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy, or send direct to the manufacturers (see below), who will supply your requirements, price 3/-, post free, in plain wrapper. Sold in tubes, with special applicator, making this wonderful balm clean and easy to use.

For free supply (sent in plain wrapper) send postcard with name and address to E. C. De Witt & Co. Ltd. (Dept. R. 9.), Croydon, Surrey.

A SURE WAY TO STOP INDIGESTION

Indigestion is such a common ailment that many people regard it as an unavoidable evil, never realising that unless checked it is doing incalculable harm to the stomach and may even cause stomach ulcers. The best, safest and surest remedy for digestive troubles is a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia in a quarter of a tumbler of water after meals, which not only corrects the trouble at its source, but soothes, heals and protects the stomach lining. The moment you take 'Bisurated' Magnesia it neutralises the excess acidity, prevents fermentation, and that's the end of indigestion. Your chemist sells 'Bisurated' Magnesia at 1s. 3d. in both powder and tablets, the one and only 'Bisurated' Magnesia that doctors recommend and hospitals use, because it is as safe as it is effective.

EVERY MOTHER SHOULD KNOW

that when baby cries his pains are nearly always caused through **INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE, COLIC,** or **TEETHING,** and that in such cases the infallible, safe family remedy which has been recommended by mothers, doctors and nurses for over 80 years is

"GRIPE WATER"

Carminative (Brand)

MADE BY

WOODWARD

CHEMIST—LONDON.

A teaspoonful two or three times a day

KEEPS BABY WELL

It breaks up the wind, promotes digestion, and enables baby to obtain healthy and restful sleep.

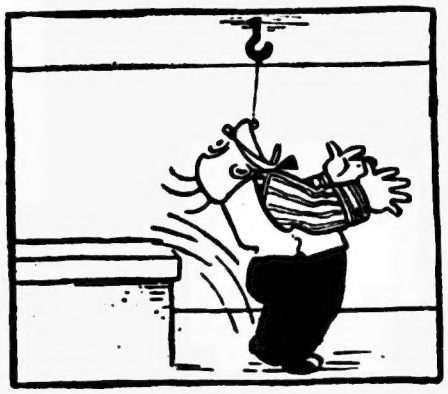
FREE SAMPLE COUPON.
To W. WOODWARD, Ltd.,
51, Clapham Road, London, S.W.9.
Please send me a FREE SAMPLE.
(Use block letters and mark envelope "SAMPLE.")

Name .....

Address .....

J.B.13. .....

ADAMSON'S *Tooth still Aches*



RUGS GIVEN AWAY

This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of "John Bull." On receipt of P.O. for **9/6** carr. 1/- extra, we will forward Direct from our Looms to your address one of our "Prudential" Brussette

REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS

Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered, in thirty Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, Browns, Rose and Art Colourings to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room. These Carpets with FREE RUGS will be sent out as Sample Carpets.

9/6 Post Free

They are made of material equal to wool and being a specialty of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving the purchaser all middle profits and they are guaranteed genuine bargains. Over 400,000 sold during the last 18 months. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited Testimonials received. With every Carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome Rug to match. Gigantic Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Bedding, Table Linens, Curtains, &c, post free.

F. HODGSON & SONS,
(Dept. J.B.), Woodsley Road, City of Leeds.

MAKE YOUR FEET YOUNG

BANISH THE AGONIES OF TENDER, WEARY FOOT TROUBLES WITH

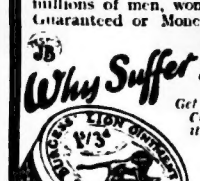
ITSIT
FOR THE FEET

Rubbed in it acts like a charm.
Famous for over 30 years. Try it now.
6d. *per tin.*
From chemists, Boots, Taylors' & Timothy White's branches.
POST-CARD FOR FREE SAMPLE.
MARTIN, PHILLIPS & CO., LTD.
Bombay Street, London, S.E.16
FREE SAMPLE

BOILS CARBUNCLES

ABSCESSES, WHITLOWS, POISONED WOUNDS. Every year for 85 years, Lion Ointment has done its job successfully for millions of men, women, and children. Relief Guaranteed or Money Refunded. What can be fairer? Write for Guarantee to Edwin Burgess Ltd., 80, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1

Why Suffer? *Get a box today from your Chemist, 1/3, 3/- or 5/- Keep it, too, for Burns, Scalds, Bites, Stings.*



LION OINTMENT

EFFECTIVE FOR EVERY FORM OF RHEUMATISM

Gout	Sciatica	Kidney Troubles
Cramp	Neuralgia	Influenza
Backache	Nerve Pains	Lumbago, etc. etc.

Thousands have derived permanent relief by using URACE Brand, the remedy which absolutely dissolves deadly Uric Acid and drives it from the system.

URACE
BRAND TABLETS
1/3, 3/- & 5/-
At your chemist. Write for Free Sample to:
URACE LABORATORIES,
(Dept. 32), 31-33, Banner St., London, E.C.1

ANAEMIC LANGUID DEPRESSED

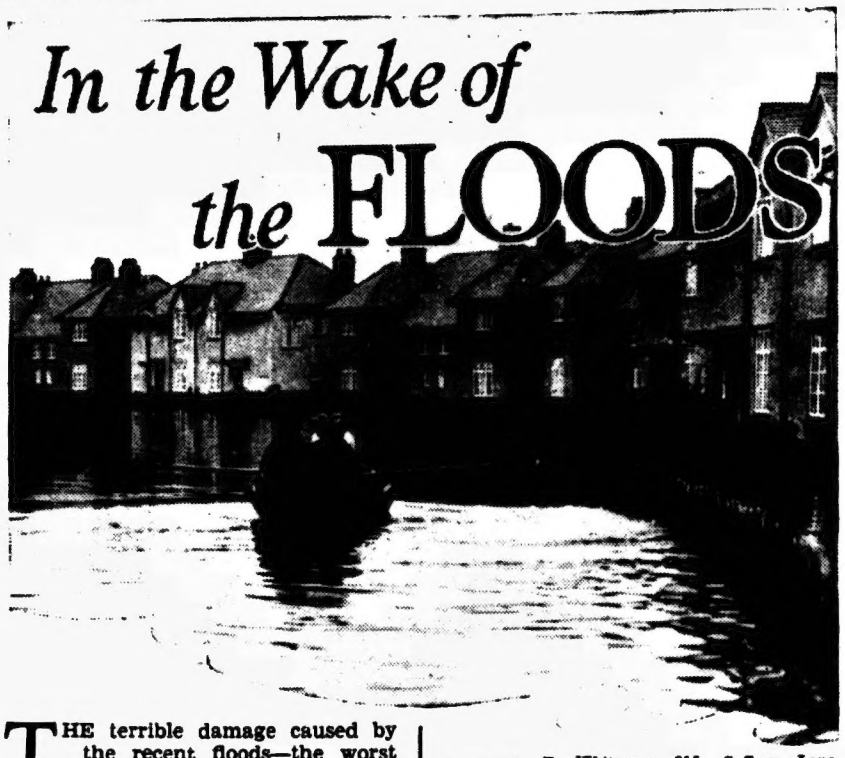
Mrs. REEVE, 9, High Terrace, Ackworth Moor Top, Yorks., writes: "I have derived great benefit by taking your wonderful tonic Vitadatio. Several years ago I became very Anaemic. I was always languid, very miserable and depressed, and awful headaches continually troubled me. By taking Vitadatio for a few weeks my ailments disappeared and I am now always recommending it."

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra, in Gt. Britain only. Special 21/- Bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply for Export only, post free from VITADATIO, No. 121, Armley, Leeds. V163

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

In the Wake of the FLOODS



THE terrible damage caused by the recent floods—the worst in thirty years—now lies fully revealed. The torrential rush of water played havoc with our readers' homes. Furniture wrecked—carpets ruined—precious belongings engulfed—the Storm King has done his worst!

JOHN BULL representatives are hard at work in the stricken areas. The first batch of cheques has now gone forward. We give below the names of a few readers who have received payments under our Free Insurance. JOHN BULL is the ONLY paper to pay Storm and Flood Benefits.

MORE CHEQUES PAID.

Cheques have now been sent to:—

ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH, LEICS.—E. King, Kenilworth Terr., Derby Rd.; Miss A. Mitchell, Kenilworth Terr.; E. S. Hutchinson, 8, Brook Side; J. Winfield, 44, Market St.; J. H. Gilliver, 17, Mill Bank; P. A. Hogg, Packington; K. A. Webster, 20, The Green; D. M. Sankey, 1, Union Passage; R. Smith, Millbank; F. Hunt, 20, North St.; Mrs. J. Slater, 22, Elford St.; L. Norman, 13, Brookside.

BELPER, DERBYS.—H. Bestwick, 2, Bulls Moor, Nottingham Rd.

BOTHBY, LEICS.—Mrs. E. E. Neal, Main St.

COSSINGTON, LEICS.—W. Haydon, Main St.

DERBY.—Mrs. Taylor, 45, Sadler Gate; F. Goodhead 23, Jury St.; J. J. Martin, 8, Prefect Yard, Brook St.; E. Bowler, 21, Ford St.; E. Minard, 1, Byron Yard, Sadler Gate Bridge.

DUFFIELD, DERBYS.—A. Ashmore, Tamworth St.

GLENFIELD, LEICS.—Mrs. V. Harrison, Station Rd.; Miss F. E. Pollard, The Green; Miss H. Pollard, The Green; W. E. Pollard, Kirby Rd.

LEICESTER.—E. Whitmore, 215, Saffron Lane, Aylestone Park; Mrs. E. Towers, 30, Cromwell Rd.; P. Mason, 6, Valence Rd., Braunstone Estate; S. A. Lacey, 4, Valence Rd., Braunstone Estate; J. Honley, 12, Cromwell Rd., Aylestone Park.

LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICS.—F. A. Faulks, 18, Havelock St.; A. Sewards, 20, Havelock St.; Mrs. A. Hitchen, 4, Ashby Sq.; S. O. Bunny, Swithland.

QUORN, LEICS.—Mrs. C. Barrs, 12, Leicester Rd.; P. Heafford, 4, High St.

ROWSLEY, DERBYS.—Mrs. I. Crowther, Toll Bar House.

THRINGSTONE, LEICS.—I. M. Etchell, Brook Side; A. Walker, Brook Side.

BARNSLEY.—Mrs. E. Wright, 3, Days Court Old Mill; Mr. J. W. Davis, 94, Station Lane, Wombwell; Mr. H. Yates, 90, Station Lane, Wombwell.

CARBROOK.—Mr. W. Wilkinson, 31, Southern St., Carbrook; Mrs. A. R. Ward, 346, Bright St.; Mrs. Ema Driver, 2 6, Southern St.

CHESTERFIELD.—Mrs. A. Thompson, 1, Railway Side, Barrow Hill.

HEELEY.—Mr. James Dale, 19, Clyde Rd.

MEXBOROUGH.—Mrs. E. May, 70, Wath Rd.; Mrs. P. Cox, 3, Wath Rd.; Mrs. L. Diggles, 76, Wath Rd.

RENISHAW.—Mr. A. Godley, 41, Main Rd.

ROTHERHAM.—Mr. A. Hinds, 68, Brook Hill, Thorpe Hesley; Mr. J. Ryder, 7, Cawood St., Wath Rd.; Mr. E. Dobson, 65, Scholes; Mr. J. A. Howarth, Railway Cotts., Moor Rd., Wath-on-Dearne.

SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. A. E. Grayson, Frithfield Cotts., Apperknowle; Mrs. A. Wolstenholme, 17a, Mill Lane, Dronfield; Mr. L. Ellwood, 15, Mill Lane, Dronfield; Mr. C. Maxfield, 81, Main Rd. Renishaw; Mrs. W. Fox, 75, Main Rd., Renishaw; Mrs. R. Seddon, 67, Fairthorn Rd., Firth Park; Mr. W. Antcliffe, 15, Southern St., Carbrook; Mrs. S. Barker, 61, Weedon St., Carbrook; Mr. H. Redgate, 18, Wreakin Pl., Carbrook.

A reader who was marooned urges every reader to register. "It is more than a necessity—it is a *duty*," he says. Sign on the forms below.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 11/6/32.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department,
128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.
Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent. .....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 11/6/32.

CASH THE COUPONS!

JOHN BULL'S PEN OFFER

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all British self-filling Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.*
Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

I Whispered The Reason...

'Unpleasant Odour is Caused by Underarm Hair'

Yvonne always wondered why she was unpopular and it was such a personal matter it was difficult to tell her. Finally, I plucked up courage—"Hair under the arms is not only ugly and repulsive-looking but greatly aggravates the old problem of body odour." Then I told her my own experience. "I, myself, had a heavy growth of disgusting hair. I tried depilatory pastes, evil smelling powders, and painful electric treatments—even a razor. Shaving simply made the hair grow thicker. At last I found NEW VEET which contains Wenlo-White. This dissolves the keratin in the hair and hair roots thereby ending all superfluous hair troubles forever. Now my skin is so clean and white that no one could possibly suspect I was ever afflicted with that horrible superfluous hair."
New White Veet (containing Wenlo White) is guaranteed 100% pure and delightfully perfumed.

AUTOMATIC DELIVERY

One-at-a-time; one paper releases the next in the patent ZIG-ZAG packing. Rolling with ZIG-ZAG saves 3½d. in the shilling.

ZIG-ZAG CIGARETTE PAPERS

Save Money and Doctors' Bills by turning to the Advertisement on page 31.
Mr. Shadforth offers a Free Copy of his Book (published at 2/6) with every order.

A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON

WRITE FOR FREE LISTS

Here's a chance to save shop-keepers' profits by buying your cycle from Coventry's

LARGEST WHOLESALE CYCLE WAREHOUSE.

Hundreds of cycles of all kinds, many fitted with **STURMEY ARCHER** three-speed gears and **DUNLOP TYRES.** Approval willingly. As an advertisement, a **15/- FREE GIFT COUPON** will be given to all who **WRITE FOR MY FREE CATALOGUE.**

FROM 3/10 CASH or TERMS

Chas. T. Robey & Co. CYCLE WAREHOUSE DEPT 24 COVENTRY

OVER £1,000 CASH OFFERED THIS WEEK!

HUGE BONUS OF **£200** FOR FIRST PRIZE-WINNER IF WINNING COUPON IS ONE OF TWO OR MORE ENTERED IN THIS CONTEST

FINE 'BULLETS' FIRST **£600**

AN EXTRA COUPON THIS WEEK MAY BRING YOU AN EXTRA **£200**

ADDITIONAL ATTRACTION **50** 'BULLETS' 12 MONTHS' SEASON TICKETS EACH WITH 10/- CASH

OTHER PRIZES SECOND £50 THIRD £25

10 of £5 10 of £2.10
500 of 2/6, 2,000 'RED SEAL' TARGETS, 8,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

PRIZES FOR 10,573 "BULLETS" ENTRANTS

THE King of literary skill contests, about to launch the colossal Mid-summer Offer heralded below, invites you to get into *Bullets* form this evening with the *Examples* on this page.

If one of your *Bullets* is the best, there will be a bumper First of £600 for you—and a £200 Bonus will be added if the winning coupon is one of two or more entry-fee or prize coupons received from you in this unique contest.

There are 10,572 other prizes which must be won, including fifty of 10s., each of which are accompanied by a *Bullets* Season Ticket enabling you to enter over 200 efforts without entry-fee!

To make a *Bullet*, choose any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS which link up neatly with the *Example*. For instance to the *Example* DRESSMAKER'S BILL, you might fit the words HER "FLAG OF TRUCE," and thus complete a *Bullet*.

Now get to work on some good *Bullets* for this novel big prize-list and make sure that they are entered by Saturday, June 18.

BIG CHEQUES AND RADIO GRAMOPHONES WON!

FIRST PRIZE OF £400, COMPETITION No. 850:

Mr. L. R. BIDDLE, 113, North Road, Bishopston, Bristol.
Example:—WHEN BABY CRIES
Bullet:—"WHEN?" MAKES ME *Smile*.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Miss E. HARTLE, 13, Market Street, Hyde, Cheshire.
Example:—Chained To A Desk
Bullet:—By Somebody's Silvery Hair.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. J. BOYD, 64, Elba Street, Newton, Ayr, Scotland
Example:—According To Her
Bullet:—Mother, I'm "Insignificant Monster!"
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

F. J. BARLOW, 38, Roberts Street, Patricroft, Manchester.
A Fool's Errand—To Geneva, "Bearing" Malice.

C. P. BLUMBERG, 84, Denning Avenue, Waddon, Surrey.
Humbly—Thanking HIM For Her.

F. G. COUSINS, 31, East Street, Taunton.
On The Danger List—Trade—Parliament Dangerously Listless.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

R. DAVIES, 100, Boarshaw Lane, Middleton, Manchester.
Humbly—Prince Enters Workman's "Castle."

Mrs. B. EDWARDS, 99, Shaldon Drive, Littleover, Derby.
Giving In—Way To "Fight"—Influenza!

Miss M. GREEN, 15, Cornwall Avenue, Blackpool.
Model Country—"Built" In the Nursery.

K. C. KAAS, 10, Albion Terrace, Douglas, I.O.M.
Female Of The Species—Interested Professor—Wife Didn't!

A. J. PERCIVAL, Parcel Post Office, G.P.O., Liverpool.
Helping The Pedestrian—"One-way" *Driving*—Carefully!

J. R. RAFFO, 177, Pitsmoor Road, Pitsmoor, Sheffield.
In Britain's Workshop—"Revolving Wheels" *Retiring* Fortunes.

Mrs. A. M. SMITH, "Glengarry," Yarm Road, Darlington.
League Of Relations—Against Me "Fortifying" Myself.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

R. BEDFORD, 91, Perry Street, Northampton.
A Home—"*Convenience*" With All "*Modern*s."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

F. BELL, 9, Gerald Street, Wrexham.
Female Of The Species—I've Got "Rare Specimen."

H. F. BLAY, 4, Miranda Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.
In Britain's Workshop—More "Buttons"—Fewer Coats.

E. G. CHADD, Hanley Swan, near Worcester.
Mine Of Information—Toured Battlefields *After* War.

A. KEEFE, 7, Poot Hall, Lyke, Rochdale.
I Can't Understand—Churches' Gloom—They're "Lighthouses."

H. LEA, 2, Clifton Gardens, Haywards Heath.
Pomp and Pageantry—Her Mother Entertains His.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mrs. McDONALD, 28, Alex Buildings, Alness, Ross-shire.
League Of Relations—"Bandits" Borrowing Our Car.

A. PARKINSON, 66, Primrose Street, Accrington.
Helping the Pedestrian—Keep Warm—*Avoiding* Radiators.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mrs. L. WICKS, 178, Dalmally Road, Addiscombe, Croydon.
Helping The Pedestrian—"Daily Dose" Of *Somersaults*.

Miss W. A. WILLIAMS, 159, Nimrod Road, Streatham, S.W.
Man Who Forgets—Or Professes To, Professor.

Each of the above winners who was registered for "Bullets" Bulletin by May 21 will also receive a Radio Gramophone.

A list of 25 £1 and 500 2/6 prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

The original cheque for 1,250 Guineas awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 849 will be displayed in the window of Mr. P. T. Grey, 14, Jessel Road, Walsall.

Newsagents' Prizes:—First, £5; Second, £2; Third, £1.

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE

FREE "BULLETINS"

Our free weekly help for would-be winners is waiting to help you into the prize-list. Make sure of a copy every Thursday by completing this coupon.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "and Co.," payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

Post to "Bullets" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.
(*Do not enclose this coupon with your "Bullets"*)

"EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 854.

BEING BRITISH
ON THE WORLD'S STAGE
HER WAY
SHOW'S HE'S A SCOUNDREL
MEANS MISCHIEF
ONLY SURVIVOR
DAD WENT ROWING AND
LIKE A FLOWER
DRESSMAKER'S BILL
DEATHLY SILENCE
SUMMER'S HERE, BUT
BREAKING THROUGH
WHAT WE'D LIKE
THANKS TO GRANDPA
HEALTHY SIGN
TO SAVE HIS SKIN
SAYS A LOT
MAN WHO CAME BACK
OUR VISITORS
UNHAPPY MARRIAGE
CERTAIN
AT TIMES
FORGETFULLY
NEW CURATE
NO FUN
PLAIN JANE
IF I HAD A CAR
DRIVING HOME
NICELY
SHALLOW
AT THE ZOO
FAMILY WARFARE

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(854) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. June 18.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d
Signed
Address

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(854) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. June 18.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s
Signed
Address

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(854) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. June 18.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed
Address

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(854) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. June 18
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed
Address

If you wish to send in more than eight "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

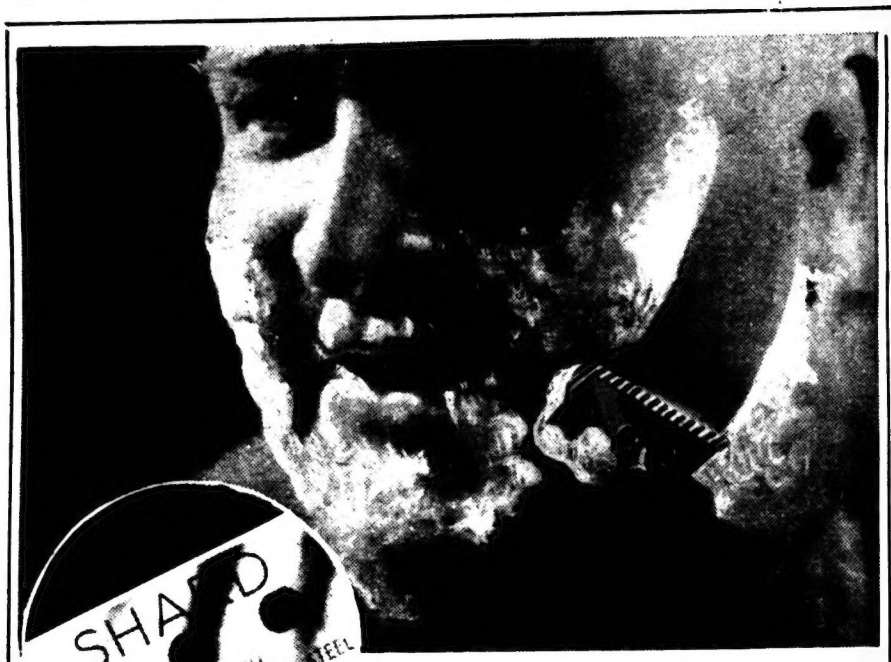
Address Entry:—"Bullets" No. 854, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. **2.** Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. **3.** The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of Entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

NEW!—UNIQUE!—SENSATIONAL!—BIGGEST MIDSUMMER OFFER EVER KNOWN—NEXT WEEK!

SEVEN COLOSSAL FIRST PRIZES TO CHOOSE FROM

RECORD BONUS OF £500 IF WINNER IS "BULLETIN" READER — REGISTER TO-DAY!



"I'M KEEN ON SHARDS!"

"I always use Shard Blades. They shave me better, cost me less and last me longer! They're British made from high-grade Sheffield steel, keep me *really* clean-shaven—and are only sixpence for four. Why pay more?"

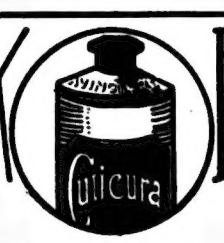
You buy your Shards in the new patent packet. You can take them out as easily as stamps from a stamp-book. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

6D FOR 4 SHARD BLADES

Obtainable from Boots, Taylors, Parkes and Halfords Depots, etc.

C. L. Shard & Co., Ltd., 212-214, Gt. Portland St., W.1

FOR A QUICK EASY SHAVE



Cuticura Shaving Cream

Price 1s. 6d. a tube. Sold at chemists.
British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

FIVE COMPETITORS WIN £250 EACH.

Result of "John Bull" Crossword Competition, No. 166.

In the above Competition correct solutions were received from the following five competitors, who share the £1,250 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £250 will be despatched:—

J. H. BILLYARD, Dunham, Newark.
W. C. BLUNDELL, 4, Blythwood Road, London, N.4.
Mrs. M. DUTTON, 177, Woodbridge Road, Ipswich.
C. W. PAYNE, 49, Harpes Road, Oxford.
J. W. SHARP, 13, Constance Street, New Basford, Nottingham.

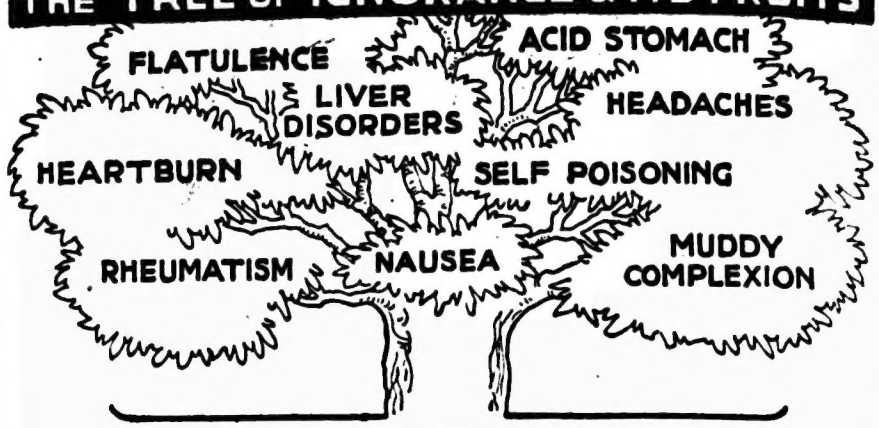
Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, June 21, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £50 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between the following 33 competitors, from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £1 10s. 4d.:—

Allemby, Mrs. S., 113, Summer Lane, Barnsley; Banks, M., 171, St. George's Rd., Hull; Cawthorne, R. B., 21, Mason Ave., Whitley Bay; Corbett, A. J., 149, Chester St., Wolverhampton; Cozon, Mrs. H., Tame Water, Dobcross, Nr. Oldham; Cramp, G. W., Church St., Bocking, Braintree; Davis, P. P., 27, Sheepcote Drive, Garston, Watford; Doodson, F. R., 18, Woodside, Coalbrookdale, Salop; Dunne, J. (19), 87, Harolds Cross Rd., Dublin, S.W.7; Earl, Mrs. A., 51, Rose St., Hebburn-on-Tyne; Eden, T., 24, Garratt St., West Bromwich; Ferguson, Miss A., 44, Hall St., Blackburn; Gale, E., Dunch Lane, Melksham, Wilts; Gates, F. A., Acrefield Rd., Woolton, Liverpool; Gunn, C. P., 7, Rossall Rd., Cleveleys; Hastie, N., 53, Newland St., Everton; Hearnden, Miss, L., 57, Streathbourne Rd., Upper Tooting, S.W.17; Hodgkinson, J. W., 25, Rice St., Manchester; Holt, K., 6, Peverill St., Daubhill, Nr. Bolton; Hubbard, Mrs., North Newton, Bridgwater; Hutchings, J. G., 2, Belle Vue Place, Cheltenham; James, C., 89, Penylan Rd., Argoed, Mon. Jarvis, G., 124, Ashley Rd., Parkstone, Dorset; Prime, Mrs. I., 8, Popson St., Bungay, Suffolk; Rolfe, Mrs. C., South Leverton, Nr. Retford; Ross, P. L., 56, Hillhead, Glastonbury; Shaw, A. W., 226, Tyntyla Rd., Ystrad, Rhondda; Shepherd, H., 144, Northenden Rd., Sale, Cheshire; Slater, C. M., 11, Gordon Rd, Gillingham, Kent; Staniland, E., 96, Rushdale Rd., Sheffield; Westcott, Miss, 90, Barewell Rd., St. Mary Church, Torquay; White, F. C., 208, Wells Rd., Nottingham; Williamson, A., 88, Sandygate Rd., Sheffield.

Another Splendid X-Word with a First Prize of a Life Pension of £3 a Week and £50 to be divided between Runners-up appears on Page 32. Try your skill now!

THE TREE OF IGNORANCE & ITS FRUITS



CONSTIPATION INDIGESTION

CICFA

gets to the ROOT *of the trouble!*

CONSTIPATION may be described as a "*tree of ignorance*," of which the "*fruits*" are Flatulence, Bad Complexion, Headaches, Liver troubles with irritability; and Acidity causing Rheumatism, etc.

The **ROOT** of Constipation is found in *Bowel Indigestion*, which is often the outcome of neglected *Stomach Indigestion*. **When there is not proper elimination of the waste products, the blood-stream is polluted, which gradually results in the state known as auto-intoxication** ("self-poisoning"). This condition gives rise to that feeling of "*never being fit*," heavy eyes, bad tongue, and *general sensation of slackness and tiredness*.

The action of purgatives is crude and can become harmful. Very often they **do** give temporary relief by forcibly removing the contents of the Bowel, but the continued use of purgatives results in *weakening of the Bowel, with increased Constipation.*

How much better is the use of Cicfa, which **goes to the root of the trouble** because it supplies in ideal form Nature's digestive ferments, so that the Albuminous food (*such as eggs, meat, etc.*) is properly digested in the Stomach, and the Starchy food (*such as bread, potatoes, bananas, etc.*) is also digested in the Bowel.

CICFA RESTORES DIGESTION because it both adds to and stimulates the supply of Natural Digestive Ferments; thus the nourishment is absorbed as the digesting food moves slowly downwards; CONSTIPATION and FLATULENCE DISAPPEAR; and *the blood grows richer and purer, nourishing* all the tissues and producing *a feeling of perfect fitness* throughout the body.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS, PRICE 1/2 and 3/-

WARNING.—There are many imitations of **Cicfa** sold at 6d. and 7½d. Not one of them is in the least like **Cicfa**, not one of them can have the same effect as **Cicfa. Insist on having Cicfa, and do not be put off with worthless imitations.**

FREE SAMPLE

Send your name and address with this coupon and a 1½d. stamp for postage, and receive a 10-meal test of this wonderful

CICFA

Only one sample given to each family.

THE CICFA CO., 8, Dyke St., Manchester 8a., London, W.1.

John Bull, 11.6.32

A Wonderful Invention that gives increased mileage, power and improved engine performance appears on p. 29. 1,500 Duo-Vaporators are to be distributed. Offer expires July 11. Apply to-day!

3

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